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### THE OPENING OF THE SESSION.

PEACE has been signed between Denmark and the German Powers. The war in America continues. A Japanese Daimio has been brought to his senses. The war in New Zealand continues. The North American Provinces are discussing a scheme of Confederation. There is a little war on one of the Indian frontiers, and there has been a cyclone at Calcutta. The Estimates will be produced at the usual time. The revenue is flourishing; and the last Irish harvest was tolerably good. All these things were already known, with the addition of the name of the Indian seat of war; and now they are officially known. The captain of a ship says, when he is told that it is twelve o'clock, "Make it so"; and now the QUEEN, through her Commissioners, has made it so. Not, indeed, that an Irish harvest, or any other Irish fact, can be removed from the region of controversy. Lord CHARLEMONT, having to propose the Address, concurred in the statement of the Speech, but Mr. SCULLY, though he could not say that the last summer was not fine, indignantly denounced the implied proposition that sunshine or anything else was good for Ireland. The chief crop of his country was, as he said, oats, and dry weather was not good for oats. As three rainy years in succession had caused great distress, and as a dry year did no good, Sir F. CROSSLEY's observation that the English Government could not provide Ireland with rain was irrelevant as well as unsympathetic. There would be no use in finding either rain or blue sky, if both conditions of the heavens are equally deleterious. The true want of Ireland is, according to Mr. SCULLY, a little more of that kind of fine talk which is known in the indigenous dialect as "blarney." No people, as he says, are so easily cajoled as the Irish, and the Government is to blame for not providing an ample supply of the cheapest of all commodities. The same object would be partially attained by the cognate method of promoting two or three Irishmen to the Cabinet; yet Mr. SCULLY himself asserts that it is not the fashion to read Irish history in Irish schools, and it therefore seems that by no conceivable process can the condition of that singular country be understood. Amid conflicting generalizations it is satisfactory to turn to the statistics of Lord CHARLEMONT and Sir R. PEEL, for the increase of savings, of crops, and of manufactures must, even in the most anomalous of countries, indicate some material improvement. It is unfortunately true that disaffection is still widely prevalent, and that no plan has yet been devised by which the rights of the landlord can be sufficiently reconciled with the interest of the occupier. Mr. MAGUIRE was justified in his assertion that the welfare of Ireland is more important to the Empire than the prosperity of India. Unfortunately, the conditions of order and mutual harmony were not satisfied in former ages. Mr. SCULLY might, after all, have produced a great historical argument in support of his theory of Irish wants. If HENRY VIII. had taken a little more trouble to cajole the Irish chiefs, and especially if he had given them a share of Church lands, they would have cordially supported him in his rejection of the authority of Rome, and their countrymen would at this moment recognise the Bishops of the Establishment as the successors of ST. PATRICK.

Turning from the past to the future, the official framers of the Speech easily satisfied the languid curiosity which awaited their revelations. It is determined that Courts of Law shall be built in the space which separates Lincoln's Inn from Fleet Street, and it is possible that the arrangement will promote economy and despatch, while it is certain that it will tend to the convenience of the profession. As the only opposition to the scheme is raised by the Society of Lincoln's Inn, on the ground of the artificial value attached to chambers in the immediate neighbourhood of the present Courts, the Government will find little difficulty in passing the Bill. A sentiment of regret for the removal of the Courts from West-

minster Hall will probably be confined to veteran lawyers. The architectural controversy is likely to be more serious, especially if Lord PALMERSTON insists on his opinion that all mediæval buildings were churches, and that modern business requires the same accommodation which was provided in Grecian temples. No similar question of art will arise in considering the modest proposal of the Government to complete the revision of the Statutes. HER MAJESTY is advised to cherish a hope, which in the minds of her subjects will be mitigated to a wish, that the forthcoming Bill may be a step towards the formation of a digest of the law. As the Statutes form an appreciable portion of the whole body of the law, the partial simplification of their contents may not improperly be called a step towards a digest; but the difficult part of the work has yet to be commenced, and even to be projected. The other legal reforms which are contemplated will require and secure the careful attention of Parliament. The late decision of the Court of Queen's Bench on Mr. FEATHER's Petition of Right renders the subject of patents unusually interesting; but, until conflicting opinions have approached to an understanding or a compromise, the matter will not be ripe for comprehensive legislation. The Government will recommend to the adoption of Parliament the alterations in the Poor Law which were proposed by the Committee of the House of Commons. There will be no difference of opinion as to the expediency of conferring on the County Courts a limited equity jurisdiction, for it is often as necessary to compel the discharge of an obligation as to award damages for a breach of contract. The Bill which is announced to confirm the conclusions of the Committee on Public Schools will probably, in accordance with the precedent established in the case of the Universities, provide for the appointment of Commissioners with legislative powers. Lord DERBY did injustice to the Report when he applied to it MARTIAL'S estimate of his own poems; for it contains more good suggestions than bad, as well as some criticisms of doubtful value. If an Act of Parliament could be passed to secure in every school the appointment of a head-master of commanding and original ability, it would scarcely be necessary to enact any further reform.

Mr. BAINES and his friends have not persuaded the Government to stultify itself by bringing forward a Reform Bill for the purposes of the election. As Lord DERBY observed, the authorized physicians who are watching the death-bed of the present Parliament have not the smallest desire to induce a crisis. As the outside practitioners cannot be prevented from trying their favourite experiments, it is probable that the sick man will be temporarily disturbed; but the West Riding members may be well assured that the additional votes which they may probably catch will carry little moral weight in the House or the country. It would be impossible to convince any impartial observer that the present Parliament desires changes which it has almost unanimously declined to countenance or support. The 6d. Bill, and the 10l. Bill, and the Ballot resolution, will be successively introduced, with a full understanding on all sides that Reform is only stirred in the House of Commons for the purpose of an appeal to the hustings. It would have been discreditable to Lord PALMERSTON and to Lord RUSSELL to afford official countenance to an insincere experiment on the patience of Parliament. Mr. GLADSTONE, even if he has made up his mind to abandon his preface and to stand by his speech, is probably well contented to postpone the agitation until his colleagues have ceased to be his rivals.

The most remarkable peculiarity of the Speech, and of the opening of the Session, is that, while domestic inaction still corresponds to the general tranquillity, no foreign question occupies the immediate attention of the country or of Parliament. Lord HOUGHTON reminded the House of Lords, in two or three pointed sentences, that the indefeasible rights of Germany are

not yet recognised by the German Powers, and that the ambitious projects of Prussia may perhaps suggest other schemes of territorial compensation. A year ago, anxious crowds hung on the lips of the Ministers, who might perhaps have announced an imminent war; but now, by common consent, Germany is left to itself, and the Duchies must accept their fate, either as dependent neighbours of Prussia or as members of the monarchy itself. Lord DERBY raised a question as to the relations of England with the United States, which deserves separate discussion. As to the expediency of maintaining perfect neutrality between the belligerents, all difference of opinion has long since vanished. The remoter difficulties of Eastern Asia have ceased to furnish a ground for political or philanthropic opposition. Colonel SYKES, indeed, is anxious to prove that, both in Japan and China, a mistaken policy has involved the country in superfluous expense; but Parliament has learnt wisdom from the mare's-nest of Kagoshima, and no party any longer affects to blame the occasional acts of vigour by which alone an anomalous and imperfect civilization can be forcibly modified so as to adapt it to purposes of beneficial intercourse. Lord PALMERSTON will have an opportunity of explaining the state of Mexican affairs which has justified the recognition of the new Empire; and graver discussions will probably be raised on the affairs of America and Canada. If other exciting topics can be discovered, they will have the additional peculiarity of causing general surprise.

#### NAPOLEON III. AND ITALY.

THERE has been no hypocrisy and no concealment, on the part of either the French EMPEROR or the Italian Government, as to their respective wishes about Rome. The whole world knows how wide is the divergence between the two policies. The French ideal map of Italy is not the ideal map constructed by Italy for herself. M. DUPANLOUP, in his recent pamphlet, constructs with some bitterness a little heap of all the promises made by NAPOLEON III. to the effect that the POPE's temporal power should never be disturbed. Side by side may be placed a larger heap, built up of all the loud vows which Italian statesmen have taken never to rest till Rome is the capital of the Peninsula. For a silent spinner of cobwebs the EMPEROR has been unusually plain-spoken. Possibly he hoped, by a show of firmness, to be able to direct into a less inconvenient channel the national aspirations of the Italians. The struggle between the iron will of an Imperial master and the unanimous passion of a growing people is a spectacle of much interest in days like ours. The EMPEROR's policy is a purely worldly policy; it rests on nothing stronger than an instinctive jealousy of a neighbouring State. French interests are supposed to be indirectly affected if a great nation is allowed suddenly to form itself on the frontier of France, and to absorb the very centre of the Catholic religion. The feeling is part and parcel of the prejudice which led the present EMPEROR to set his face against Italian unity altogether. It comes to him among the few traditional heirlooms of French diplomacy which he did not consign to oblivion when he raised his dynasty to the throne. But diplomatic tradition requires to be backed heavily, in these times, if it is to stand its ground against national enthusiasm. In his resistance to the Italian programme the EMPEROR is not backed by the one support that could avail him, the unanimous sympathy of his subjects. The French clergy are with him; and a group of retired politicians and *littérateurs*, who profess to regret the historic glories of a subdivided Italy, are on the side of the clergy. The Republican party, on the other hand, sympathize with the Italians. They hate their natural enemy, the POPE, so sincerely, that to compass his defeat they would sacrifice a chestful of the old diplomatic traditions. In opposition to Italy's onward march, NAPOLEON III. has therefore only two forces on which he can rely—the Catholic feeling in his provinces, and his own diplomatic skill. Over both of these Italy has already triumphed once, when she annexed the Romagna and the two Sicilies.

The evident antagonism of the Imperial and the Italian programmes lends additional importance to the recent Convention, and to those features in it of which the Bishop of ORLEANS so bitterly complains. Speaking on behalf of the religious party in France, M. DUPANLOUP observes with reason that there are one or two gaps in the treaty through which a dozen Piedmontese regiments may walk. The inevitable contingency, for instance, of an insurrection at Rome has had no provision made for it. M. DUPANLOUP politely professes to believe that M. DROUYN DE LHUY'S has been taken in. The perfidy of Piedmont has done it all. The nation of MACCHIAVELLI have translated the French contract into Italian of their

own. Such is M. DUPANLOUP's opinion, but it is not a wise one. No Bishop of any Christian community can hope to be consistent when he is out of temper; otherwise it would have occurred to M. DUPANLOUP that, if Piedmont is going to enter through a gap, it is unnecessary to accuse her of a design to break down fences. The position that the EMPEROR has been an innocent victim of M. NIGRA's wiles is unworthy of serious refutation. That CAVOUR once beat at his own weapons the most ingenious conspirator in Europe is a triumph which history will inscribe upon CAVOUR'S tomb. But there is probably no Italian living who will ever have the chance of repeating the joke. Nor is NAPOLEON III. a statesman who leaves flaws in a great convention by sheer oversight. When all is signed and sealed, M. DROUYN DE LHUY'S may naturally have strict orders to look like a pigeon. But spectators recognise the keen hand of the billiard-marker by the strokes he loses as well as by the strokes he wins; and to convince the world that he has blundered away his game is the last and most consummate triumph of the perfect player.

That the Emperor of the FRENCH has deliberately chosen to make an onward move in the Italian question is evident to most of those who take the trouble to watch his strategy. To many, at first sight, it appeared curious that he should, of his own free will, abandon a vantage ground of secure inaction. It seemed as if, by withdrawing the French troops from Rome, nothing was to be won but a moderate saving of expense. The Bishop of ORLEANS cannot understand the step, even from a worldly point of view. He tells the EMPEROR that, by supporting the Vatican, France gained Catholic influence on the Continent, Catholic gratitude at home, and an important diplomatic and military position in Europe. Such, doubtless, was LOUIS NAPOLEON'S own idea when he first incorporated the maintenance of the POPE's temporality into his Presidential programme. Some such reason has led him, in spite of many difficulties, to adhere to it till now. But M. DUPANLOUP forgets, what is always painfully present to the mind of NAPOLEON III., that human life is short, and that genius itself is subject to mortal chances. The EMPEROR is slowly but certainly growing older, and, like HAMLET, he cannot but feel that he runs the risk of leaving behind him half his task undone. Enough has been accomplished by him in the last twelve years to make it certain that his dynasty will, for a long time to come, be formidable competitors for the throne. But Frenchmen are fickle and fretful politicians; nor would it be easy to predict the immediate consequence of the EMPEROR's premature decease. These are not the days in which France is likely long to be content with an allegiance to the mild rule of a pious woman and a precocious child. The smaller the legacy of unsettled difficulties bequeathed by NAPOLEON III. to his heir and to his Imperial consort, the better will be the hopes of his dynasty; nor can the present occupant of the Tuilleries feel even reasonably confident that the half-finished edifices he leaves will be completed by a sympathetic architect. It is natural, it is even wise, that he should seek to bring about some solution of the most hazardous political problem of the day in his own lifetime. The POPE and the Church will have stormy weather, as far as France is concerned, when the EMPEROR is gone. An irreligious Prince of the Blood, a superstitious Empress Mother, an infant Emperor, a turbulent democracy, and a bigoted religious party, would, between them, be hardly competent to settle the Roman question without plunging into desperate extremes, and even periling the Second Empire. If the hurricane is to break at all, it had best break while there is a pilot living who understands the art of navigation. The obstinate attitude of Italy is too significant to be misunderstood. The country which professes itself willing to bide its time courteously covers, without concealing, the fact that it has begun to calculate the chances of the future. If anything touches the heart of the French EMPEROR to the quick, it is the interest of his son and of his house. In this interest he has resolved upon facing the question which, till lately, he had consistently and pertinaciously adjourned.

The POPE and his subordinate clergy, with all their virtues, are liable to human weakness; nor is it certain that they will become less grateful to the EMPEROR in proportion as he allows the dangers round the Vatican to thicken. M. DUPANLOUP talks of gratitude, but he can hardly be himself considered, in his relations with the French Government, to have displayed that rare quality to any great excess. That the POPE prays for the EMPEROR constantly is a fact revealed to us by the Vatican itself; but this is an honour which a sensitive mind feels to be less flattering in this world than auspicious for the next, and one which the impenitent thief, were he living, might possibly enjoy. Neither Pio Nono nor his Minister has shown any

disposition to smooth down the perplexities which beset the EMPEROR at home, by conciliation or reform. Cardinal ANTONELLI seems to have uniformly calculated on the EMPEROR's inability to move, and has thus made capital out of his own obstinacy and obstructiveness. Among the first fruits of the Convention may be reckoned a striking hint, which has appeared in the Jesuit organs at Rome, to the effect that the HOLY FATHER by no means ties himself to be the persistent enemy of constitutional reform. If the Vatican has this card after all in its hand, it is not impossible that the retreat of the French troops may force it. Nor is the Pope likely to be an obstacle for ever. NAPOLEON III. has given him two years for penitence and amendment. Before the two years have elapsed, PIO NONO may sleep beside his mitred predecessors, and the fortunes of the Church be once more dependent on the jealousies and caprices of the Sacred College. The prospect of trouble and of peril will do more to throw the election into the hands of France than the presence at Rome of twenty times the present number of French troops. A permanent Protectorate has a tendency to excite opposition and distrust among those who are benefited by it the most, but the electors will turn towards France with real anxiety when it is clear to them that France is at last seriously offended. A French garrison on the Tiber can never secure the choice of a friendly Pontiff; but, as soon as the EMPEROR first announced his intention to desert his sacred charge, he established an important hold over the next election to the Papacy.

#### ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

**L**ORD DERBY enumerated, in the only serious part of his speech on the Address, three grave reasons for precaution against the possible hostility of the United States. Lord RUSSELL indicated a fourth menace, which is perhaps the most urgent of all, when he referred to the claim for compensation for the losses inflicted on American shipping by the *Alabama*. Both speakers properly professed to disregard the virulent animosity expressed by the Federal press, as well as the unrebuted insolence of spiteful diplomatis and officers; yet it would be most unwise to overlook a unanimous avowal of hostility, although it may not require formal or Parliamentary notice. When Mr. SEWARD, addressing a Brazilian Minister, writes like an angry woman at England; when Admiral PORTER dishonestly hints a belief, which it is impossible that he should entertain, that the English Government has furnished the Confederates with Armstrong guns; when the principal American newspapers attribute English neutrality to ill-will, and English concessions to cowardice, there is no justification for a declaration of war by England, but there is a daily increasing probability that unrestrained arrogance may lead to some act of war on the part of the United States. If in that remarkable country there is one honest politician, he has not had the courage to protest against the passionate wickedness of popular feeling and language. Not the slightest change has taken place in the national character since the dominant Democracy was in the habit of vituperating England and of threatening weaker Powers. The Republicans threaten the annexation of Canada as impudently as Mr. BUCHANAN and Mr. PIERCE proposed the acquisition of Cuba, and the ignorant multitude has almost been persuaded by its flatterers that an attack on England might be ventured as safely as Mr. POLK's piratical aggression on Mexico. Lawlessness is a far more permanent rule of action than slavery or anti-slavery. When a subordinate judicial officer in Canada construed a statute in a sense which seemed unfavourable to the claims of the United States, a general in high command published, in the midst of frantic applause, a proclamation which, if it had been ratified, would have been equivalent to a declaration of war. The full satisfaction which has since been afforded by the Canadian tribunals and Government only produces the remark that the provincial authorities are beginning to understand their own interest. A community which disregards all rights but its own, while it absurdly underrates the power of foreign nations, is a dangerous neighbour.

The measures on the part of the United States to which Lord DERBY called the attention of the Government all relate to Canada, and they are in different degrees unfriendly. The termination of the Reciprocity Treaty may be partially excused by the corrupt and selfish motives which are largely mingled with purposes of hostility or feelings of ill-will. The abolition of the agreement for the avoidance of naval armaments on the Lakes found a pretext, though scarcely an excuse, in a single attempt of some Confederate partisans to seize a Federal steamer. Mr. SUMNER's proposal that the Ashburton Treaty shall be wholly or partially abrogated is a

pure expression of malignity. The institution of passports on the Canadian frontier is, like the discontinuance of the Reciprocity Treaty, intended primarily to annoy the subjects of a neighbouring Power, but it is also incidentally designed to serve the purposes of American monopolists. The profound ignorance of political economy which prevails in the United States explains the subservience of the Legislature to private interests. In advocating the repeal of the Reciprocity Treaty, Mr. SUMNER explained at length to the Senate that the United States suffered, in dealings with Canada, by an excess of imports over exports; and he gravely announced that American producers paid seventeen millions of dollars annually to the Canadian Government, because the Customs' duties on American manufactures approach that amount. Probably the only argument which could penetrate the understanding of Federal economists would be derived from the encouragement which the repeal of the treaty will afford to English trade. The consumption of Canada is not likely to be diminished, and impediments to commerce with the United States will tend to divert the demand to a rival market. It might also occur to a New England manufacturer that the exports which pay duty to the Canadian Government must, at the same time, return a profit to himself. The imports from Canada into the States consist principally of timber and of corn, and it may therefore be supposed that the lumberers and farmers of the West have, in the present instance, outwitted their keen compatriots on the Atlantic coast.

The admission of American fishermen under the treaty to English fishing-grounds was, as Mr. SUMNER confessed, in itself an advantage; and he even went so far as to declare that, if there had been no other clause in the treaty, he should have been satisfied to leave matters as they stood. In the same manner, a vendor of land or of goods might be willing to retain the purchase-money, if only he were exonerated from the obligation of delivering the subject-matter of the contract. The United States have an undeniable right to establish a protective or prohibitive tariff on their frontier; but they are certain to resent, as a proof of English or Canadian hostility, the contraband trade which will be the necessary consequence of their policy. It is probably part of the plan of the majority in the Senate and the House to facilitate future annexation, by imposing on the people of Canada numerous annoyances which would be effectually removed by a transfer of allegiance. The English Government has nothing to do with motives or ulterior projects, but it must consider the natural results of American policy. It is evident that there will be additional risk of a rupture when there is little commerce to interrupt, and it would be interesting to hear the apologies which Mr. COBDEN and Mr. BRIGHT would offer for a deliberate discouragement of trade offered at a time when war is, in other respects, not improbable.

The part of the Ashburton Treaty which Mr. SUMNER proposes to abolish is the clause which provides for the reciprocal extradition of criminals. It is not even pretended that any advantage can be derived from a gratuitous utterance of national ill-will. The treaty is a whole, and the greater part of the transaction consisted of territorial arrangements by which the United States secured a disproportionate benefit. If, however, the Americans desire henceforth the society of English criminals, as well as of their own, there is little reason for objecting to the gratification of their wishes. England is too limited in extent and too fully peopled to form a convenient hiding-place. It is therefore much more likely that a London swindler should escape to America than that a rascal from New York should take refuge in London. When Mr. SUMNER discovers that his proposal inflicts no appreciable injury on English interests, he will perhaps desist from this particular method of embittering the foreign relations which he controls on behalf of the Senate.

The armament of a flotilla on the Lakes is likely to produce more serious consequences. As the measure violates no international right, it must be met, not with remonstrance, but with corresponding preparations on the Canadian side. Mr. SEWARD, indeed, professes that the intention of his Government is only to provide security against Confederate enterprises, and that, as soon as the temporary purpose is served, the peace establishment will be resumed. The English Ministers will be in the highest degree culpable if they accept verbal assurances where they are bound to provide for themselves material security. It would be discourteous to express any official doubt of Mr. SEWARD's sincerity, but the mere expression of a purpose is no substitute for an abrogated treaty. If the United States, in the exercise of an unquestioned right, places a dozen gunboats on the Lakes, the number and character of the force may be indefinitely altered whenever

circumstances afford a reason or a pretext for a menace of war. When Mr. SEWARD announces that orders have been given that the naval officers shall respect the rights of England, he merely professes compliance with an obvious duty. It is unnecessary to reply in words that an officer in the army, of much higher rank, lately directed his subordinates to maraud on Canadian territory as recklessly as General JACKSON invaded the Spanish dominions in Florida. General DIX afterwards boasted to an applauding audience in New York that his insolent threat had compelled the Canadian Government to discharge a duty which it had never hesitated to fulfil. The offender retains high command, and he has not even been censured; nor is there any reason to suppose that the commanders of the Lake flotilla will be less wantonly rude than Admiral PORTER.

There is little doubt that peace will be preserved if the Americans can once be made to understand that, at least in an Imperial quarrel, the whole force of the Empire will be exerted for the defence of Canada. Lord RUSSELL's language in answer to Lord DERBY, though it was excessively deferential in form, implied a sense of the gravity of the present crisis; and perhaps its studious moderation was designed to give the American Government an opportunity for pause and retraction. It was remarkable that, although Lord DERBY had confined his observations to the proceedings of the Government and the Senate, Lord RUSSELL deliberately referred to the question of compensation for the captures of the *Alabama*. It may be conjectured that Mr. ADAMS has lately been instructed to renew a demand which has been carefully reserved for some convenient occasion of quarrel; and it is not improbable that some concession in the matter of the Lake flotilla has been tendered in consideration for an acknowledgment of liability. It was judicious in Lord RUSSELL once more publicly to pledge the Government and the country to refuse an overbearing and unreasonable demand. An independent State has no discretion in matters which concern the national honour. No jurist could be found to declare that England was legally responsible for the acts of the *Alabama*, and a voluntary payment would be an admission of inability or unwillingness to resist a menace of war. American diplomacy has lately improved on its long-established traditions by ostentatious contempt for the rules of international law. The repeated assertion that belligerents by land are not rightful belligerents at sea is not even professedly supported by authority or by principle. The claim for damages in the case of the *Alabama* is equally arbitrary, and it unfortunately may be brought to a more practical issue.

#### MALT AND MORALS.

**N**OT being clergymen, we may speculate on unrevealed subjects without the fear of a Bishop or the Court of Appeal before our eyes. PEEL in the shades may, therefore, be legitimately supposed to chuckle over the late meeting at the Freemasons' Hall. W. B. is at last the most ardent of Free-traders, and Sir FITZBOY KELLY indignantly denies the imputation of being an advocate for any but the cheapest of corn, tea, tobacco, and paper. All this comes of the extravagant zeal of new converts. "Down with all duties!" is now the bucolic cry, and the farmers of England distance the Chambers of Commerce and the League itself in their orthodox commination of all taxation. Direct or indirect taxes, when it really comes to a question of principle, are all equally odious to the dwellers in hall and grange. If we cannot get rid of the Malt Duty without relinquishing all duties, perish taxation so that we get a cheap pot of beer. There is a simplicity, and roundness, and completeness about this view of the national finances which is at least striking. All great principles admit of a concise and direct enunciation, and nothing can be more intelligible than the political economy of the farmer and the landlord. Every man to his calling. It is the barley-grower's business to get rid of the Malt Duty, whatever may become of the revenue; it is the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER's business to find out how the country can get on without a revenue. Here, of course, is the strength of the appellants against any given tax. Their position demands at once the extremes of volubility and taciturnity, of eloquence and reticence. It is so delightfully easy to expatiate on the nuisance of a tax; so inconvenient to propose its substitute. Would the farmers and county members consent to accept an additional sixpence in the pound on income in place of the Malt Duty, or would Sir BULWEE LYTON and Major BERESFORD, if in office, reduce the Army and Navy Estimates by six millions? Because,

unless they are prepared to say this, or what is equivalent to it, their presence and their speeches in Great Queen Street amount to nothing.

In this state of the georgic mind, it is quite superfluous to ask for any sort of unanimity on what otherwise would be an important consideration—namely, the actual gain to the consumer by the proposed remission of duty. If all duties are sinful, it matters little as to their amount or incidence. The staunch protestant against taxes admits of no distinction between mortal and venial sins in fiscal ethics. Otherwise we should demur to the somewhat inconsistent calculations of last Wednesday's agitators, who, in Mr. PUNNETT's person, tell us that a given quantity of beer costs the consumer 1s. 4d. which, on the remission of the Malt Duty, he would get for 4d.; while, in Mr. Woon's person, they assure us that the very same quantity costs 1s., and, free of Malt Duty, might be got for 6d. A grievance must be hard to measure when it is described as consisting of such contradictory elements. In these discordant calculations there is a difference of five-and-twenty per cent. in the assumed present cost of the manufactured commodity, and the relative gain to the consumer is reckoned in the same breath at 50 and at 75 per cent. Bystanders are tempted to think that the proposed remission would go in about equal parts to the landlord, the barley-grower, the maltster, and the brewer; and the fact that the agitation comes, not from the consumer, but from the manufacturer of beer, suggests that the thirsty soul is not yet convinced that the abolition of the Malt-tax will cheapen the price of porter. Impervious as are the fiscal sensibilities of Mr. GLADSTONE, we suspect that he would be disposed to tremble much more at the sight of a deputation of bargemen and coaleavers than at the phalanx of owners and cultivators of light soils who visited him on Thursday. It is not our business to recommend a policy to the Anti-Malt Tax Association, but we are convinced that they have begun at the wrong end. There are special objections to the Malt-tax, such as the cost of collection, the artificial and unphilosophical restrictions which are imposed on the processes of malting, and the state of the trade which interposes so many middlemen between the producer and consumer; yet not one of these was urged by the speakers at the Freemasons' Tavern. When men complain of a class grievance, the public naturally suspects the influence of class interests; and the single topic at present insisted upon is that barley cannot be grown in England at a remunerating price. Such consistent Free-traders as Major BERESFORD need not be reminded that, if this is so, barley will go out of English cultivation, and we must look to the "starving foreigner" for more malt than he already contributes to our Burton. And, after all, the farmers have the remedy in their own hands. The most certain mode of disposing of the Malt Duty would be to decline to grow barley. And if it is to be replied, What is to become of the light soils?—we have but to turn to Lord CURZON's answer, "We have nothing to do with that," which his Lordship tells us is his crushing rejoinder to those who are impertinent enough to ask him how the deficiency in the revenue is to be supplied when the Malt Duty goes.

But in these days we are nothing if not moral. The Malt Duty is the fruitful mother of crime. Mr. COBBETT proves it by an argument—based, to be sure, on a single remarkable instance—which shows that he is his father's son, and that contempt for logic is hereditary in his blood. He gravely assures us that he is acquainted with a poor fellow who felt himself bound to steal wood to boil his matutinal kettle, from which he draws the conclusion that petty larceny in the rural districts would be extinguished were all agricultural labourers consumers of a morning cup of ale instead of a cup of tea. This engaging picture of the moral and social benefits of untaxed malt far transcends the old pictures of pastoral life. COBBETT the elder used to descant on the beautiful spectacle of Hodge brewing his modest single X in a tea-kettle, and cooling it in some more domestic utensil, and quaffing it in a honeysuckle arbour; but the picture of an England in which crime shall be extinguished by economical and unceasing beer-bibbing is far more enticing. We can understand the possibility of the thing. If beer-drinking were so far extended that all mankind did nothing but drink beer from morning to night, it stands to reason that they would have no time to go picking and stealing. Were strong beer retailed at a penny a quart, which we are promised, the enterprising gentlemen who robbed the jeweller's shop in Cornhill would have been deprived of their present incentive to crime, which, as we understand Mr. COBBETT, consists mainly in taxed malt. But then a difficulty occurs. Mr. COBBETT the younger's hero would not have stolen wood unless he had been compelled to drink that "wifsy-washy un-English" tea. We presume, then, that in the coming millennium anticipated

in Great Queen Street, the use of cheap beer will supersede the use of tea; and the result of the remission of the Malt Duty will be the loss of a good part of the Tea Duty in addition. And it is needless to add that the cessation of the general use of tea would have considerable influence on the Sugar Duties. Therefore, pursuing the logical results of the wood-stealing committed by Mr. COBBETT's friend, we are, upon moral grounds, and for the high purpose of preventing crime, led to the stupendous conclusion—such great effects from little causes spring—that we must abandon malt, tea, and sugar duties at one stroke. Here, of course, Mr. COBBETT is at issue with other social science philosophers perhaps as wrong-headed as himself. Mr. COBBETT views, in the increased and still increasing consumption of barley juice, the panacea of crime and the general conversion of debased and criminal humanity. Mr. LAWSON and his friends deem the beer-shop to be the very portal of hell. Which are we to believe? Is the pewter pot the cup of the devil, or is it the fountain of life? But, waiving these perplexing considerations as to the moral value of beer, we may confine ourselves to a single thought. We should like to know a little more about Mr. COBBETT's friend. He lived in the flesh and committed larceny fifteen years ago; and Mr. COBBETT defended him at the sessions. What has been his course? Has Mr. COBBETT watched his interesting client? Has the poor fellow gone on from bad to worse, and has he finished on the gallows that course of crime which he began by having to boil his kettle at four o'clock in the morning? If so, Mr. COBBETT ought to have completed his argument by stating this tremendous consequence of compulsory tea-drinking at daybreak. We have heard from authorities innumerable how every crime can be traced back to the first glass of gin or the first pot of beer; but in future we shall confront all this terrible tale of the progress of sin by the single history of the perils of the early cup that cheers but not inebriates, though it certainly leads to gaol. Casuists have taught that in the last extremity a man may lawfully steal a loaf to save his life. Mr. COBBETT extends this principle, and clearly holds that wood-stealing is right and justifiable when a man, who by the laws of nature ought to drink beer, is forced by the revenue laws to drink tea. But if one breach of the eighth commandment for the sake of boiling a tea-kettle is venial, so is another; and there is not a thief in England who might not avail himself of Mr. COBBETT's defence grounded on the imperious necessity of beer to man. The argument is absurd enough; but it may teach the Anti-Malt Tax Association the danger of resting their cause on high moral grounds.

#### THE IMPROVEMENTS PROMISED IN THE POOR LAW.

THE Session is likely to be barren of any change of importance in those matters with which politicians are usually concerned. But if it really brings about the long-promised change in the Poor Law, it will be of an enduring interest to a painfully large class of HER MAJESTY's subjects. Much immediate result cannot be expected from any legislative action. Legislation is exceptionally powerless in England, and it is even more powerless than usual in this matter of the Poor Law. The law is carried into execution by irresponsible officers. If the Guardians choose to set it at defiance, there is no power in the Constitution that can entirely prevent them from doing so. They are necessarily entrusted with large discretion, for otherwise the ratepayers would be the helpless prey of the idle. But this large discretion enables them to interpret the law almost at their pleasure, and, if they please, to creep through any humane provisions which are too costly for their sympathies. Unless, therefore, the class from among whom Guardians are drawn can be brought under the influence of the new ideas which are now prevailing concerning the treatment of the poor, any changes that Parliament can introduce will be more illusory than real.

The point to which opinion is undoubtedly tending at the present time is a less harsh treatment of the destitute who are really without the means or possibility of self-support. Scarcely any amount of harshness exercised towards the able-bodied vagrant would awaken public sympathy. It is their conduct towards helpless old women, or men rendered powerless by disease, that brings the Poor Law authorities into disrepute. The "shilling and loaf" with which Guardians in the East of London attempt to satisfy, towards people of this kind, the legal undertaking that no English man or woman shall starve, excites just scandal. But mere law will not make the Guardians more liberal in this respect. Liberty must be left to them to determine, according to their consciences, the exact

extent of the necessities of those who apply to them; and if they choose to use this liberty for the purpose of starving the sickly and infirm, there is no help for it. They are masters of the situation. The English Constitution furnishes no machinery for managing a Poor-law system except through them. Changes in the Statute-book are therefore idle unless we can make some impression on their morality. In large towns especially, everything in the constitution of a Board of Guardians is unfavourable to the interests of the poor. Struggling men themselves, the Guardians are elected by struggling men who bear the burden of the Poor Law unwillingly, and who make a promise to keep down the rates the first condition of their vote. They come to their office urged by every motive of interest to pare down to its lowest point the relief given to the poor. They do not, of course, deliberately intend to starve any poor man. But, in the course of a series of experiments to ascertain the minimum of aliment upon which a pauper can live, accidents will occasionally happen. They generally succeed, however, in so adjusting the amount of relief given to the physical condition of the applicant that he shall not die of starvation speedily, in such a manner that a coroner's jury could insert the ugly word into their verdict. If the diseases under which he may be suffering are so aggravated by insufficient nourishment that he dies gradually of them, no inquest is held, and the amount of his keep is saved to the parish. The Guardians, however, are not perhaps primarily to blame, for they are kept in countenance by authority which, though failing now, was at one time considerable. The essential principle of the New Poor Law, that the relief given to able-bodied men shall be accompanied by conditions so disagreeable that they shall not have recourse to it except in the last necessity, is in itself a sound principle. It is only by pitiless theorizers that it has been perverted to the oppression of the helpless. There is a school of economists in whose gospel mercy is one of the seven deadly sins. This view can hardly be looked upon as a permanent form of English thought. It is rather a phase of the reaction against old carelessness and abuse. Even now its authority is rapidly passing away, and scarcely retains any hold among highly-educated minds, except over the more ancient officials of the Poor-Law Board. But its influence in its day has been powerful enough to give to metropolitan Guardians an excuse for maintaining that it is matter of sound principle to relieve the sick or the infirm only upon the most rigorous conditions. They seem to have conceived the idea that you can prevent the sick from being sickly, just as you can prevent the able-bodied from being idle, by the severe application of the "workhouse screw." It has been sufficiently proved in evidence that a very large proportion of the poor in London would much rather take their chance of dying out of the workhouse than live inside it. As long, therefore, as the Guardians try to force into it, by insufficient out-door relief, those who have lost the power of helping themselves, it may be expected that the public will continue to be scandalized by the frequent recurrence of tales of terrible misery; and no legislation that Parliament can devise will do much to stay the evil.

Something, however, there is to be done, which we may hope will be done this Session. In some of the worst parishes the Guardians have an excuse for their parsimony which it is time that the Legislature should remove. They say, and with justice, that they have more than their fair share of poor to support. The theory of the Poor Law is, that the wealthier classes of the community shall in common undertake the burden of maintaining the destitute. But unfortunately, when the statute of Elizabeth was passed, it was thought convenient to select the parish as the unit of territorial division for the local administration of the law. This arrangement had many conveniences, and at that time no inconveniences. A close local acquaintance between the dispensers and receivers of public alms was the only satisfactory security against imposture. The poor and rich lived everywhere intermingled indiscriminately enough, and the policy of exterminating cottages did not for some time afterwards occur to the enlightened owners of land. But in course of time it was discovered that cottages were the most costly kind of produce that land could possibly bear. If they were in a rural parish, they each of them represented a contingent, and very probable, addition to the rates; and if they were in an urban parish, they furthermore drove away all wealthier and better-paying tenants from the locality. The result was that the dwellings of the poor came to be aggregated in particular districts, especially in towns. The poor district of a town came to be the only place where a labourer, employed either in the richer portion of the town or in the country round, could obtain a roof over his head. As soon as this social arrangement was

established, the inconvenience of the parochial division under the Poor Law began to be felt; and as the division has yearly become more deeply marked, the evils have become intolerable. In London we have a number of parishes in which the poor scarcely exist. No houses are built for them, and the landowners lose no opportunity of getting rid of inhabitants whose neighbourhood is in many ways unwelcome to the rich, and who therefore detract from the fashionable repute, and consequently from the rental, of the part of the town in which they live. Such rich parishes enjoy the advantages, without the evils, of a dense population. Labour is abundant and cheap; but when the labourer whose low wages have not enabled him to save becomes a burden upon public alms, it is not by those among whom his days of labour have been passed that he has to be supported. There are a number of other parishes whose fate is exactly the reverse. The labourer lives in them, but does not work in them. They derive no wealth from the produce of his labour. The capital which attracts him and sustains him confers no advantage upon them. But when he is past work, and requires alms, they have the privilege of maintaining him. Some of these poorer parishes are almost entirely composed of poor people who do not pay rates, and of ratepayers who are but a step above pauperism themselves. The Guardians of such parishes have a reply which it is difficult to meet, when they are reproached with the scantiness of their relief. Liberality to the poor means an increase of the rate, and every increase of the rate runs the risk of bringing down some of the ratepayers to pauperism.

The only remedy for these evils is to enlarge the areas of rating. In the metropolis, the remedy will hardly be complete unless the wealthy West-end parishes are brought into partnership with those of the East-end, and made to bear in common the burden which both combine to create. In the country, union rating will prevent the formation of "close parishes," where the exclusion of the poor, which in London has arisen from the exigencies of house-letting, is pursued by one or a few owners as a definite policy in order to escape from poor-rates. It is perhaps to be regretted that the occurrence of these close parishes, which are not very numerous, should render the application of union rating necessary in the strictly rural districts. It may be doubted whether the agricultural poor will be gainers by a change which will make it no longer the interest of local employers of labour to keep them off the rates; but the change is necessary as a step to the abolition of the law of settlement, which is the point towards which all Poor Law reforms inevitably converge. Some years, however, must pass before the dread of an Irish invasion will suffer the great towns to listen to such a proposition.

#### PRUSSIA.

THE Prussian Government has unexpectedly made an overture to the House of Deputies, though apparently without success. The proposed concession is extremely minute, but it involves a recognition of Parliamentary rights. Under the complicated system which was devised, during the French occupation, by SCHARNHORST and other military patriots, every Prussian is liable during the best part of his life to actual or contingent military service. In the line, in the reserve, and afterwards in the first and second classes or divisions of the Landwehr, he must discharge his legal duty to his country. The whole period of service extends over nineteen years, of which seven are supposed to be spent in the regular army. In time of peace, however, the two years of regimental service form the only serious burden on the conscript. The regular reserve is required in case of war, and on serious occasions the first division of the Landwehr is embodied. If Prussia were invaded, the entire force would be available for defence, and as even the oldest soldier would be under forty, while the whole number would be familiar with drill and discipline, the force, if not equal to a regular army, would be far more efficient than an ordinary militia. On the other hand, it has always been alleged by military writers that a service of two years with a regiment is insufficient for the creation of professional habits and instincts. Although the young Prussian soldiers are in general exemplary in conduct, they naturally look forward to their release from an irksome duty with an impatience which must diminish their interest in their actual occupation. If the Landwehr is almost as good as an army, it has often been said that the army resembles a militia. Some sceptics in Germany itself have questioned the advantages of the entire Prussian organization; but there can be no doubt that on the whole it is popular, as the assumed basis of the national greatness.

During the long peace, only two occasions have occurred for summoning the nation to arms. FREDERICK WILLIAM IV., in the autumn of 1850, called out the first division of the Landwehr for the ostensible purpose of resisting the Austrian demands which he immediately afterwards granted on the imperious demand of Russia; and during the Italian war of 1859, the present KING, then acting as Regent for his brother, called out the Landwehr as a menace to France, although he professed to maintain absolute neutrality. On his accession, in the following year, he declared that the Prussian army was the Prussian nation in arms; but he was fully aware that a real army must represent something more than a metaphor, and he had already satisfied himself that it was expedient to prolong the term of regimental service. In his anxiety for military reform, he involved himself in the quarrel with his Parliament which has harassed him during the entire period of his reign.

The substitution of three years for two as the term of service in the line was distasteful to the people, as an increase of a serious burden; and it was especially offensive to the House of Deputies, because it imposed a large expense on the Treasury by the mere force of Royal prerogative. It is for the purpose of condemning the irregular outlay that two or three successive Budgets have been rejected, and, on the other hand, the Ministers have relied on the right of the Crown to the exclusive control of the army. The prolongation of service is equivalent to an increase of fifty per cent. in the most oppressive of taxes, but personal obligations differ from pecuniary imposts in their liability to vary in quality as well as in quantity. The KING and his advisers allege that a soldier may be made in three years, but not in two, and that the effect of the change will consequently be far more than proportionate to the hardship inflicted on the conscript. If the community in general is convinced by the arguments of the high military authorities, the objections to the measure will be reduced to the constitutional opposition of the House of Deputies. It is perfectly clear that, if a Parliament is to have any real existence, it must exercise a control over the public expenditure; and if the KING has an arbitrary power of increasing the army estimates, no room is left for the functions which properly belong to the representatives of the people. Both disputants have, according to the custom in similar controversies, deduced arguments in support of their respective views from the events of the campaign in Schleswig. According to the KING, it is unreasonable to oppose any measure which tends to improve and to strengthen so gallant and victorious an army. The Deputies replied, with equal cogency, that the gallantry and success of the army prove that there is no necessity for any change in its constitution. In the mean time, the House showed no disposition to vote the Budget, and the Government declared its resolution to maintain its absolute authority over the army.

It appears, nevertheless, that the KING was in earnest when he professed, at the opening of the Session, a desire to be reconciled with his Parliament. It was necessary, if the dispute was at any time to be terminated, that one party should take a step in advance, and the Crown has voluntarily offered a concession which, if it had been accepted, would have saved the honour of the Deputies. The MINISTER OF WAR proposes that what is added to the burdens of the soldier at one end of his term shall be cut off at the other. In consideration of the extension of the regimental term from two years to three, the Crown offers to reduce the liability to serve in the Landwehr from twelve years to nine. The whole period of military duty would thus be diminished by three years, while the conscript would be retained in the ranks for one year longer. Unfriendly censors will not fail to remark that the KING yields what he regards as indifferent, in consideration of an acceptance by the House of his favourite scheme. It has always been his wish to increase the proportion of the active army to the different classes of the reserve, and the reduction of the numbers of the Landwehr would be perfectly consistent with his military policy. It must, however, be remembered that the KING acts as trustee for the nation, and that the scheme which he proposes is recommended as necessary for the public interest, and not because it produces any special advantage to the Crown. Although the Minister expressly admits that Parliament is entitled to a voice in the organization of the army, the susceptibility of the House has not been satisfied. If a compromise had been effected, the rights of the Deputies and of the constituencies would have been partially vindicated; and experience shows that representative Assemblies commence an experimental career most advantageously by rendering their support necessary or useful to the Govern-

ment. It remains to be seen whether the just irritation of the House will be appeased by any additional official overtures, and it is necessary to consider the substantial objections to the increase of the term of service. The officers of the army are unpopular with the middle classes, and the zealous support of the Upper House is merely a source of weakness to the Government. Little interest will attach to the earlier release from service in the Landwehr, especially as it is known that, in the event of invasion, the whole able-bodied population would be armed. It is only on the question of constitutional right that foreigners can prudently express an opinion. If the proposals of the Government were in themselves just and reasonable, there seems to be no sufficient reason for pressing on a collision.

Though the proposed compromise has not been accepted, the time for offering it was not injudiciously chosen. A year ago it would obviously have been useless to propose to the House of Deputies an increase of the army, but in the interval military glory has come into fashion. The country at large cares at present for aggrandizement more earnestly than for constitutional rights, and it is obvious to all classes that an ambitious policy requires the co-operation of the Crown with the nation. In the former Session, Herr von BISMARCK, who was then less warlike than his countrymen, amused himself, while he pursued a deliberate system, by using his utmost efforts to bring Parliamentary institutions into contempt. Having since acquired a certain popularity by his daring diplomacy, he is naturally unwilling to renew domestic squabbles. His opinion of the Deputies is probably unchanged, but, instead of expressing it with his former candour, the Prime Minister has employed his colleagues to use conciliatory language, which would perhaps excite their suspicion if it were employed by himself. An acute statesman may even have discovered that there would be a convenience in having a pliable Parliament at his back, when he has to deal with foreign or German Governments. Encroaching sovereigns often affect to throw the responsibility of their acts on the pressure which is supposed to be exercised by their subjects. The people of Schleswig and Holstein object to annexation to Prussia, not only because they wish to preserve their independence, but also from a natural dislike to exchange constitutional government for military absolutism; and one of the arguments in favour of the AUGUSTENBURG claim would be answered by a reconciliation between the King of PRUSSIA and his Parliament. The House of Deputies, though it regards the present concession as nugatory, may probably be influenced by the change which has taken place in public opinion. Some of the active members belong to the German national party, and plans for extending the influence of the dominion of Prussia are universally popular. If the KING succeeds in any attempt to terminate constitutional differences, he will have displayed an unexpected degree of political ability. The cessation of internal differences would not be of good omen for the weaker neighbours of Prussia, but it would furnish indigenous patriots with a legitimate cause of satisfaction.

#### THE NORTH AMERICAN FEDERATION.

**I**F, as Lord DERNY observed, the Speech of the Lords Commissioners was in some respects an appropriate address from an aged Minister to a moribund Parliament, it was not without one paragraph which testified to the youth and vigour of the British Empire. Disintegration is supposed to be the regular mode of dissolution for decrepit monarchies, but the process which is now going on among the most important of the offshoots of Great Britain is one of consolidation, and not of division. The formation of a colonial nation of nearly four millions of inhabitants will, in all probability, signalize the present Session, and make it memorable long after the world has forgotten much busier and more stirring conflicts than this Parliament is likely now to witness. The announcement in the Speech, and the address of Lord MONCK to the Canadian Legislature, seem to assign to the Home Government a larger share in the initiation of this great project than has been supposed to belong to them. It is at any rate certain that the Conference which sat at Quebec was assembled by the express invitation of the Governor-General of Canada, acting, of course, with the fullest sanction of his superiors; and the cordial manner in which the conclusions of the colonial statesmen have been accepted will go far to remove any difficulties which might impede the success of the proposed Federation. If it was no part of Lord DERNY's cue to admit the importance of any of the announcements which the Speech of the Lords Commissioners contained, he said enough to make it plain that the Federation of the North American Colonies will not be made a party battle-ground.

The chief danger which may await the Bill announced for giving effect to the proposed Union will perhaps arise from the whims and crotchetts of individual members, but the absolute necessity of a thorough knitting together of the Provinces which border on the Federal States is so obvious at this moment, that even the pleasure of devising ingenious machinery for a new Constitution will scarcely tempt any rational English politician to put obstacles in the way of the Colonial scheme. There has never, since the report of the Conference was published, been much doubt that all the Provincial Legislatures would ratify the work of their leading statesmen; and now that an American fleet may be looked for upon the Lakes, and that American custom-house officers will soon block up all the roads of commercial intercourse, any lingering hesitation as to the expediency of union must be effectually banished from the Colonial mind. The United States cannot be expected to feel much satisfaction at the establishment of a closely united Government in place of the independent authorities who could scarcely have combined with effect for common defence. Something of the same feeling which sometimes elicits from France indignant protests against union among her neighbours is natural enough in the dominions of Mr. LINCOLN. Both countries feel aggrieved, as a matter of course, by any arrangement which threatens to make their nearest neighbours less easily devoured; yet, if the Americans had desired to insure the project against all risk of failure, they could not have done so more effectually than by their notices to terminate the Reciprocity Treaty and the neutrality of the great Lakes. It is not quite true, as has been very generally assumed, that the necessities of military defence were the moving cause of the project of Colonial Federation. For many years past, aspirations more or less definite, in this direction, had been struggling for some sort of realization; and all that the threatening attitude of the United States can be said to have done has been to infuse into the councils of the colonists an earnestness and unanimity for want of which, at another time, the best-devised scheme of union might have proved abortive.

Lord MONCK's speech at the opening of the Provincial Parliament does full justice to the most momentous question which the Canadians have ever had to decide for themselves. In measured and dignified language he puts before them the alternatives between which the public men of British North America will have to choose—whether the vast country which they inhabit shall be consolidated into a State combining within its area all the elements of national greatness, providing for the security of its component parts, and contributing to the strength and stability of the Empire, or whether the several Provinces shall remain in their fragmentary and isolated condition, comparatively powerless for mutual aid, and incapable of undertaking their proper share of Imperial responsibility. Those who listened to these words could scarcely have failed to think of the possible consequences of the hostile disposition which has been lately manifested by their republican neighbours, though Lord MONCK judiciously avoided any express reference to irritating topics, and conveyed to the people of the United States only the assurance that Canada would not fail in the performance of the duties of a neutral and friendly State. The outrages committed by Confederate partisans are not attempted to be palliated, while the entire freedom of Canada from any responsibility for what has occurred is shown by the readiness with which measures of prevention have been at once devised. Not only have Volunteers been detached to maintain peace on the frontier, and a special police been organized for the detection of refugee plots, but a Bill is about to be introduced into the Legislature for the purpose of arming the Executive with additional powers. In all this there is nothing which does not redound to the credit of the Province, and the Federals will probably find themselves greatly mistaken if they interpret acts done from a sense of international duty as indications of fear or expressions of sympathy. The only proceeding of an ambiguous character has been the ill-judged persecution of a judge who, in strict accordance with the law as he understood it—and probably rightly understood it—pronounced a decision which might have entailed some political inconvenience. Upon the whole, the attitude of Canada has been worthy of the aspirations which have prompted her to move in the project of Colonial Federation. The next mail may bring the news that the creation of the new nationality is complete so far as the voices of its constituents can determine it, and that nothing remains but for the British Parliament to give its final sanction to the work at which the statesmen of North America have so wisely and patriotically laboured.

On the eve of a political change of such great importance, it is

satisfactory to find the Canadians displaying the same manly spirit which distinguished them before the long period of peace which they have enjoyed under the protection of Great Britain. The recent call upon the Volunteers to occupy the frontier, with the avowed and immediate purpose of checking irregular encroachments upon the territories of a churlish neighbour, would perhaps have been less eagerly responded to if it had not been felt that the same weapon which repressed Confederate raiders would serve, on occasion, to defend the Canadian soil. It would need a vast army of Volunteers to line the long stretch of frontier between the Colony and the United States, and indeed it is not likely that so extended a line of defence would be occupied in the event of hostilities; but enough has been done on the American Continent to show what a determined nation of four millions might do in self-defence. The material for very effective armies lies unused in the plains of Canada, and the alacrity displayed by the few Volunteers who have been called out for permanent service may be accepted as an earnest of the spirit with which the people of British North America would unite, as they have united before, in resistance to aggression. That the occasion to test their martial ardour will never arise from any undue pugnacity on the part of England may, after recent experience, be taken for granted; but it is impossible to be blind to the fact that the termination of the Reciprocity Treaty will reopen many grounds of difference between Canadian and American subjects, and that the existence of two jealous fleets watching each other on the Northern Lakes will add to the already sufficient risk of some outrage against this country or her colonies which may call for instant redress. The animosity which has evidently prompted the proceedings of Mr. LINCOLN's Government will not facilitate the adjustment of any difficulties that may arise, or diminish the necessity of vigilance on the Canadian side of the border. It may be that, when the civil war ends, the Americans will subside into meekness and cultivate the amenities of international intercourse, but the opposite effect of a long course of belligerent excitement might be regarded as at least possible even if it were not daily predicted by New York editors and Washington statesmen on the stump. It is well, therefore, to know that Canada is on the alert, and that no long time will elapse before she will form part of a Confederacy which, even without the aid that this country would be prompt to render, will have no mean powers of self-defence.

#### A MELANCHOLY HOUSE OF COMMONS.

MANY theories have been offered to account for the preternatural dulness with which the House of Commons was afflicted on Tuesday night. Some say that the sight of Mr. VINCENT SCULLY at so early a period of the evening called back the recollection of former sufferings, and that his announcement that the Irish members intended to talk during the Session as much as the English members had talked during the recess weighed upon the spirits of those present as the presage of a fearful but inevitable doom. Others pretend to see in it a deep-laid plot of the Opposition, to try whether, as Lord PALMERSTON is obviously kept alive by excitement, it might not be possible to despatch him by an excess of dulness. Such a theory, however, is sufficiently refuted by the fact that Mr. DARBY GRIFFITHS, who is indisputably the most accomplished master of this formidable weapon in the House, was not put forward to speak. Others, again, prefer to look to meaner motives for an explanation of the phenomenon. It had become known, in the course of Monday, that ten large boilers connected with the heating apparatus, the sides of which were in an advanced stage of decomposition, were at work in the vaults exactly under the feet of the representatives of the people. The feeling that they might at any moment become the victims of a new Popish plot, in which an ignorant stoker was the GUY FAWKES—and that without even the credit of being martyrs for Protestantism—may well have cast a gloom over the spirits of men who believed that they were likely prematurely to vacate their seats by so rapid an elevation.

A less recondite explanation, however, may account for the dismal scene. A Parliament drawing to its close can hardly be otherwise than depressed. Winding up and selling off are never very joyous occasions. Even if the estate is likely to realize something of a dividend, and the creditors seem inclined to acquiesce sulkily in their loss without taking further hostile measures, still it must be a melancholy period. To see securities that were thought to be indisputable, obligations that were treated as substantial, pledges to which a high value was at one time attached, sold off at a lower rate than even that

at which the worst enemies delighted to appraise them, is a spectacle to make men gloomy. The near approach of the great "adjudication," which it is believed will take place at the end of next summer, is calling up a host of unwelcome reminiscences, and compelling a reference to many matters in the personal history of each member which had been long forgotten. A picture of their own former state of mind in a very different condition of public feeling is, of all historical representations, the one least likely to be agreeable to the pliant politicians of the present day. Still less can they look forward with pleasurable feelings to a compulsory study of their own political compositions during the critical year 1859. No excursion into the shadowland of the past can be more uninviting than one that has for its object an interview with the ghosts of buried opinions and forgotten pledges. It is not that politicians are the only people to whom a retrospect of past opinions and pledges is unpleasant, but it is their unlucky distinction that their most transient blunders and follies are embalmed indestructibly in print. The feelings of a man who chances to turn up a packet of the love-letters he wrote to the girl whom he jilted, under circumstances of peculiar heartlessness, five years before, is the closest parallel that can be suggested to the feelings with which a goodly number of Whigs and Tories must be reflecting just now upon the reforming sentiments which they delivered at the hustings at the last general election. But the unfaithful swain is better off by a good deal. Those passionate effusions of his are not in the hands of the young lady to whom he is now paying his court. She cannot compare his fervent promises of unalterable affection with the similar protestations, couched in the same sort of language, by which he beguiled the sorrowing maiden who now wears the willow. Unless he has been unlucky enough to get himself into court, there is no danger that his pledges of one year will be compared with his pledges of another. The Reformers of 1859, who are the Conservatives and moderate Liberals of 1865, enjoy no such enviable secrecy. They are moodily reflecting that it is of no use for them to offer their pledges of affection to the possible Reform Bill of 1866 or 1867. It is impossible for them to promise more heartily than they did in 1859; and those promises are unfortunately in print.

The Radical politicians are fortunate in being able to look forward to the election without any apprehension of being taunted for inconsistency. If you desire to cultivate a reputation for consistency, it is always best to pledge yourself to some measure that cannot possibly be passed. By this precaution you avoid the temptation of submitting to any compromise of your opinions, and at the same time you escape the embarrassing necessity of changing your cry at each election. Ballot, manhood suffrage, and equal electoral districts, are safe cries, warranted, as the shopmen say, to wear for ever and wash afterwards. Nothing can be more comfortable than the seats of members whose constituencies are bent upon an impossible idea. But still their Parliamentary enjoyment has its drawbacks, and the "something bitter" in their source of pleasure appears to have affected their spirits as unfavourably as those of the rest of the House. The election of 1859 presents a melancholy retrospect to them. They were, or believed themselves to be, in the height of their supremacy. One year's starring in the provinces had enabled Mr. BRIGHT to overthrow one Government for shortcomings in the matter of Reform; and he was preparing himself for another season, in order to overawe the Government which took its place. He spoke with absolute confidence of the certainty of another Reform Bill. He even went so far as to draw out a scheme of taxation, by which the artisans who were thenceforth to be supreme should have all the advantages of law and government gratis. If any doubt was hinted of the practicability of his schemes, he had a ready answer. There was America enjoying an unbroken tide of prosperity and peace—doing without an army, and without a monarchy, with an insignificant expenditure, and a Government chosen exclusively from the ranks of the people. It was easy to theorize about the possible dangers of disarming, or the possible discord which universal suffrage might cause, or the possible incapacity of statesmen who depended on the multitude for their power; but there was the practical success of America to answer such hollow philosophy. Other nations may have fancied that a standing army was necessary to ensure a stable Government, and that Government would cease to be wisely conducted when the educated classes had lost their influence over it; but there was a Government which had shaken itself free of these delusions, and had reaped a splendid prosperity as the reward of its courage. It is possible that Mr. BRIGHT, like other members, is preparing himself for the political campaign of the

autumn, and collecting the arguments in favour of democracy which present circumstances may be made to supply. It is difficult to prophesy what reasoning he will employ; but there are one or two topics, once familiar to his lips, upon which it is safe to assume that he will not dwell. He may enlarge on the advantages of peace at any price, but he will not prove his doctrine from the example of America. He may dwell on the uselessness of a standing army, but he will not illustrate his position by the experience of the United States' Government at the outbreak of the present war. He may dwell on the attachment to Government inspired by a system of universal suffrage; but he will find his instances, if he can, upon this side of the Atlantic. Altogether, with this prospect for an electioneering campaign before them, it is not wonderful that he and his friends should have shared in the general depression that weighs upon the House of Commons.

Even to those who have no strong political sympathies, and have avoided any but the most formal pledges, the last session of a dying Parliament must be disheartening. It is like the day after the battle, or the morning after the revel, or the disenchantment after the victory of some cherished cause. The excitement of political conflicts is over, and the time is coming round when the cost of them is to be impressed in the most practical of all forms upon their minds. It is natural that they should begin to ask themselves whether they have been repaid, by any adequate advantage secured for their country, for all the money they have spent, and all the humiliation they have gone through in stretching their consciences to meet the exigencies of constituents and partisans. Those who are certain to lose their seats are naturally gloomy. They shook the SPEAKER's hand on Tuesday afternoon with something of the feeling expressed by the old *morituri te salutant*. But it is also possible that those who are not to lose their seats may have entertained serious doubts whether they are really in the more fortunate condition of the two.

#### LITERARY EXHAUSTION.

BENEVOLENT critics are frequently distressed by the spectacle of exhausted authors—of men whose vein seems to have been worked out as completely as the coal-mines of England will, it is said, be in a few centuries. Their minds, like fields wearied by a succession of similar crops, can only bear a stunted imitation of their former produce. We speak of cases where there is no appearance of any general failure of power. A man's mind may be as vigorous as ever in all other directions, but, when he tries to reproduce the mental images which he once struck off spontaneously, the life seems to have departed from them. Words and phrases are modelled after the same patterns, and show the same characteristic turns of thought; but, even when we cannot define the special element wanting, we are sensible that mechanical contrivance is supplying the place of unprompted impulse. The general effect has somehow lost its brilliancy, although it is hard to say precisely what colours have become faint or misplaced. This disease is peculiarly incident to novelists, though not entirely unknown amongst other imaginative writers. It frequently happens that a man's first novel is also his best. In some kinds of literature, the reverse is more generally true. The mind does not become sufficiently enriched to deal fairly with some thorny questions till comparatively late in life. Lord Macaulay says that, "of all the good books now extant in the world, more than nineteen-twentieths were published after the writers had attained the age of forty." As few authors have sufficient mental continence to refrain from publishing first attempts until they have reached that age, it would follow that most first attempts have been failures, and that the maximum of success has been slowly gained. This, indeed, is almost necessarily the case in many studies. No young man can possibly write good history. If the accumulated masses of facts which have to be stored away in an historian's memory could be forced into a man's mind by the time he was thirty, he would be made imbecile in the process. It is not an easy thing for any man to be a walking dictionary of dates with impunity; but to turn the youthful mind into an asylum for miscellaneous information before it is properly trained and hardened, is absolutely fatal. The intellect cannot properly assimilate its food if it is supplied too quickly; crude lumps of indigestible facts are the worst possible diet. This is illustrated by the immense importance of even the smallest practical experience to an historian. Gibbon learnt useful lessons as an officer in the militia and as a silent member of Parliament; and Lord Macaulay's political life doubtless added, in general power and in force of style, enough to compensate for the time stolen from the labour of acquiring facts. To have helped to make history is the best of all preparatory training for writing history. Hence, an historian is a plant of slow growth; he can hardly acquire the knowledge or the power of using it till he has outgrown his youthful notions, and, so long as he retains the vigour of his mind, he may probably continue to improve. The same is even more conspicuous in purely scientific studies; few minds can secrete enough thought upon mathematics

or chemistry to reach untrodden ground at an early age. Sir Isaac Newton could make great discoveries by the time he was twenty-two; but, as the bounds of science expand, the distance to be crossed before reaching unknown territory must every day require a longer period of probation. In these, and in many other cases, we should therefore be disposed to accept the accuracy of Lord Macaulay's assertion.

In purely imaginative literature, the case might be expected to be different. When the mind has to supply its own materials, instead of working upon materials supplied to it, we naturally expect that the harvest will come earlier and exhaustion follow sooner. We can, however, quote many instances to prove that the greatest poems and the greatest fictions in our literature have been produced at a ripe age. Thus *Macbeth* and *Othello* may be advantageously compared with the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, and *Paradise Lost* with *Comus* or *Lycidas*. Spenser was nearly forty when the *Fairy Queen* was published; Dryden wrote *Absalom and Achitophel* at fifty; and Pope's most vigorous satires were all written after he was forty. In more modern times, it is true that Shelley, Keats, and Byron all distinguished themselves at an age when many of our earlier poets were still in the chrysalis stage. We can, however, only speculate on the works they might have written if their lives had been prolonged. If we turn to novelists, the greatest of our older writers seem to have flowered late. De Foe did not take to writing novels till he was fifty-eight. Fielding was over forty when he wrote *Tom Jones*, and Richardson near sixty when he wrote *Clarissa Harlowe*. The two last volumes of *Waverley* were written in 1814, when Scott was forty-three, and therefore the whole of the most readable series of novels in existence were written at a still later age. It would be hard to discover names of equal weight to place in the opposite scale. It would therefore seem that the power of writing novels is not, as a rule, fully developed in youth. Indeed, if a novel forms the vehicle for conveying the writer's experience of life and manners, it could not well be otherwise. It can seldom be worth our while to contemplate the purely imaginary picture of the world which a young man has constructed out of his inner consciousness. Whatever may be the form taken by such youthful writings, they are in substance a mere expression of sentiment; they are a record of feeling, which is sometimes pleasant because it is contagious, but beyond a very narrow circle of observation they cannot be of much interest. Miss Brontë contrived to elaborate a very good novel out of her own experience at school, and in Brussels; but there is an obvious limit to the quantity of generally interesting story to be extracted from the life of one young lady, even though she be a young lady of extraordinary ability. When Miss Brontë drew upon her fancy for heroes who were outside her range of experience, they became mere conventional lay figures. If she had continued to write without a larger stock of observation, she must very soon have exhausted her resources. The interest which she actually excited is, in fact, due to the exhibition of her own idiosyncrasies of mind and character; we see the workings of her own intellect concealed behind a very thin veil of fiction. Another example of the class of novel which comes within the capacity of a young man may be found in *Pickwick*. Mr. Dickens has, in the opinion of most people, never again reached the excellence of this very early performance. The peculiar charm of *Pickwick* is obviously of a nature only to be supplied in a man's youth. The observation of external circumstances, and especially of odd and whimsical circumstances, is undoubtedly of wonderful keenness. But this alone goes a very short way. It communicates a certain superficial brilliance to the story, but it does not penetrate deeply enough to produce a sense of really good workmanship. The book will not, in this respect, stand the test of close inspection. We become too quickly aware that the inferior characters are mere names of certain personified absurdities, and even the inimitable Sam Weller begins to fade into a shadowy unsubstantial form when too rigorously investigated. The charm of which we speak is due simply to exuberant animal spirits, associated with great natural powers of humour. No man could be in the state of intellectual exhilaration necessary for writing after the fashion of *Pickwick* after he was thirty. He might possess more delicate humour, and have a much wider stock of observation; but the unflagging vigour which converted everything that met his eyes into matter for inextinguishable laughter could hardly be expected to survive. An imitation of the book would resemble the contortions of an old gentleman trying to join in the games of a schoolboy. Such writing requires a literary essence which is only secreted at a particular time of life; and if a man owes his success to this peculiar faculty, his works will probably become more colourless as he grows older. He may possess the necessary faculties for gaining equal success by a different road; but it is rare to find united in one man the talents of distinct orders, and still rarer to find the resolution to use them. Few men have strength of mind enough to resist the temptation of encountering the most dangerous of rivals in their own former works. The constant failure to repeat an old victory by the old means never seem to deter any one; no human action can be predicted with more certainty than that, when a man has written one good novel, he will try to write another novel, relying for success upon exactly the same merits.

There is another cause for the common phenomenon of one good novel followed by a series of bad ones, growing gradually fainter, like repeated echoes. The didactic form of novel is frequently adopted by persons who have got only one thing to say. Bad as didactic novels generally are, it is not impossible

to mention tolerably good ones in cases where the writer is giving the results of some special experience. Even the description of the life of a schoolboy—a description, too, with a moral purpose—has afforded matter for one really good modern novel. At the first attempt, the writer seizes the most appropriate form for conveying the desired doctrine. At his next, he finds his own success in his way. He has to repeat his one remark, not with the simple object of putting it as forcibly as possible, but with the hampering condition of putting it as differently as may be from his first effort. He is always afraid of slipping back into the old grooves. It is not to be wondered at if the attempt generally ends in a very awkward and constrained piece of literary handwork. We need not stop to investigate other causes of failure in second attempts, such as the lapse into mere respectability of writers who, in the democratic period of life, caricature abuses with a vigour which is wanting in their attempts to flatter the powers that be; or the simple case of a man tempted by success to write faster than he can think, when the break-down which follows requires no explanation. It seems that, as a general rule, the advantages possessed by a young man are more than counterbalanced by the danger of more rapid exhaustion. A certain freshness of effect may be produced which cannot be reached later in life, and a work which depends entirely upon this is not likely to have very deep roots. Successive generations of readers find it more difficult to sympathize in the feelings of the writer. They miss many of the refinements which most forcibly appeal to his contemporaries. As the merely contagious influence becomes more difficult to convey to distant minds, they begin to feel the want of more solid merits. It is thus probably true of novels as of other forms of literature, that a good deal of preparatory cultivation is required for the finest growths, and the subsequent fertility is likely to be greater in proportion. A man who begins to write at the age of forty, like Sir Walter Scott and Fielding, is not so likely to fall into the fatal error of self-imitation; he has accumulated a varied stock of thought, which will enable him, if so disposed, to write continuously for some time without exhaustion; and to write continuously appears to be the inevitable lot of all successful novelists. They seem to be doomed to eternally spin a thread of fiction, however much it may fall off in quality. Whether it is not somewhat degrading for a man to be telling stories after he is forty is a question which every one must answer for himself. If it were a subject for legislation, there would be a subsidiary advantage in forbidding the practice before that age, in the diminished danger of the country being absolutely swamped by novels. Another law should be passed forbidding any man to write more than one novel in his life, or, at any rate, to trespass a second time upon ground already occupied by himself. We should lose a few good works. On the other hand, we should be free from the humiliating spectacle of a great writer incessantly working up old stuff into new forms, and the writers themselves would escape much vexation.

We have spoken chiefly of novels, because they seem from experience to be the most exhausting of literary crops. The reason is to be found in the popular theory that a novel is purely a work of fiction. It is generally supposed to be a kind of monstrous production which is produced by spontaneous generation. Unlike all other writings, it is created out of nothing, or at least an indefinitely small quantity of material may be worked up into an indefinitely great quantity of the finished commodity. If it were generally understood that a novel is merely an autobiography, or a description of personal experience in disguise, authors would be made modest in their exactions from themselves and from us. They would realize the simple fact that you cannot keep a fire burning to any purpose without an abundant supply of new fuel.

#### RIVAL BIGOTS.

**A**MONGST the scores of pamphlets which a newspaper attracts to its office, there are always some which give one a melancholy notion of the state of feeling and opinion in large classes of the population. Perhaps the most unpleasant are those which trace the course of popular religious controversy—such a pamphlet, for instance, as an absurd little green book which has been sent to us from Brighton, with the pleasing title, “Important Popish Disclosures at Brighton; Romanism in the Church of England, and especially in the ‘Priests’ Prayer-book,’ Exposed.” There is nothing particular in the pamphlet itself. It is just what such performances always are. “What are the doctrines and practices of Papists? The principal are the invocation of saints, the worship of the Virgin Mary, the real presence, tradition, penance, auricular confession coupled with priestly absolution, extreme unction, purgatory, &c. &c.” “How would you define Popery when viewed as a whole? I would define it as a Christ-dishonouring and soul-destroying system, &c.” Then we go on through all the local grievances arising out of the practices of the ultra High-Church party at Brighton. There is the usual specification of altars, “blazing crosses, blazing triangles of twenty-five lamps, twelve on each of the two sides and one at the apex.” There is an awful account of the door at a certain “little vestry,” which appears to be the ritualistic name for a confessional, being “inadvertently opened,” whereupon a lady appeared kneeling before a priest. There are extracts from a certain “Priests’ Prayer-book,” and much else which our readers, unless they are singularly fortunate, will no doubt be able to imagine for themselves. In fact, it is just such a little pamphlet as is tolerably sure to be provoked from some zealous Protestant in every

watering-place in England which happens to be blessed with a number of zealous ritualists sufficiently important to offend the Protestant nostrils of the bulk of the community. The feeling which such a performance excites is both peculiar and specific. Its first form is that of languid disgust, but this is varied by slight occasional gleams of sympathy for the writer’s dislike of his opponents. A man who can see in the Roman Catholic faith nothing but a “Christ-dishonouring soul-destroying system,” and who believes that the chief points of it are those on which Protestants and Romanists differ—as if the creed of Pius IV., for instance, said nothing about a God or a future life, and set up a mere system of fetish-worship—is contemptible. On the other hand, if it were possible to suppose that the work done at the Reformation were really in any danger—if there were the smallest reason to think that the English people would ever, under any circumstances, see a Vicar of God in the Pope—it would be impossible not to sympathize with our terrified and scandalized Protestant countryman. As it is, he and his friends may be compared to a group of absurd street curs barking with all their little souls at a guy who in reality is composed of a sixpenny mask, a few old clothes, and a bundle of straw, but who, to their excited imaginations, appears to be charged with gunpowder and brimstone enough to blow the British Constitution across the Atlantic Ocean. The guy is no doubt a hideous and unseemly creature, but it has the advantage of being dumb. The little dogs might be well enough in their proper place, but they want a certain quantity of whipping. The dregs of controversy are very disgusting on both sides. If anything can be much worse than the Protestant pamphleteer, it is the object of his wrath. The excesses of extreme English ritualists who insist upon a little private Popery of their own, and that spirit of proselytism which occasionally leads the Roman Catholic clergy to act upon the Mortara and Cohen precedents, are, on the whole, worse than the worst developments of Exeter Hall. A man who looks upon people out of his own Church as brands who are to be picked out of the burning—fraudulently, if not otherwise—is, on the whole, a greater nuisance than the mere platform disclaimer. He is slyer, less easy to fix with the responsibility of his actions, and less easily avoided or shaken off. Out of hearing out of mind applies to the one, but with the other you never know where you are. He is always capable, from what he considers as the best and highest of motives, of causing infinite misery in families. It is probable, however, that this kind of skirmishing is essential to real controversy. The outposts in a religious war can hardly be expected to learn good manners, like the outposts of a secular army. Nothing will induce them to give up little insignificant worrying hostilities which cause an infinite deal of vexation and bad feeling, without the slightest influence on the main question at issue.

Though this is the judgment which the common sense of the educated part of the world almost instinctively passes upon the sort of controversy to which we refer—though almost every one feels it to be an offence both against truth and against good manners to attack his neighbour’s creed with unsparing invective, and though most of us would feel, it is to be hoped, that to try to convert a person from a form of religion with which he, or especially she, is well satisfied, would be a breach of a tacit understanding which exists in social life to respect other people’s beliefs—it is nevertheless true that a case may be set up for bigotry, and that more than would appear at first sight is involved in our habitual repudiation of interference with another person’s religious belief, and in the indignation which we feel at proselytism. If a person really believes with all his heart that it is absolutely essential to the temporal virtue and eternal happiness of his neighbours that they should hold a particular set of opinions, or belong to a particular association, he is bound in conscience to try to convert them. So, if he really believes a particular form of worship to be a great and horrible sin, he can hardly help protesting against it. Those who think that every one who adores the Host sins as much as a pick-pocket, and those who think that every one who does not adore the Host withdraws worship from God Almighty, must regard each other with a degree of indignation and horror proportioned to the sincerity and firmness of their respective convictions. The common sense of the educated part of mankind can justify its contempt for these rivals in bigotry only by showing that each side is wrong in condemning the other, and that a person who sincerely believes in either view of the case incurs no guilt of any sort whatever by acting on his view. This doctrine, of course, goes a long way, and we all know the history of its growth and present position in the world. Consciously or not, it is the doctrine held by every one, whatever may be his formal avowed creed, who is disgusted with bigotry; and no sign of the times is more encouraging than the fact that, after all, bigotry and its inseparable incidents are invariably regarded amongst educated men of all creeds with the contempt which they certainly deserve, and that almost every writer of any considerable power of mind is free, at all events, from that reproach. Dr. Newman himself, with amiable but perfectly sincere inconsistency, avoids bigotry, though he seems to be occasionally crossed by the notion that he ought to be a bigot. The instincts of a gentleman and a scholar are in him, as in many others, too strong for his logic. He cannot help writing on controversy in the tone of an inquirer who wishes to arrive at the truth, and to show that he has reached it. He cannot rise to the burning pitch; he cannot even manage to convince his readers that he really does think it very wicked to be a Pro-

testant. Throughout his strange autobiography he writes of himself only; nay, he implies that he is well inclined to let Protestants alone, unless they positively force their doubts and difficulties on his notice. This is, and long has been, the attitude of many distinguished members of his Church; and, on the other hand, every Protestant writer who deserves a moment's attention has long since done justice to the good side of the Roman Catholic view of things, and has on all occasions treated the questions which for three hundred years have created so much attention in Europe rather as matters of philosophical and historical inquiry than as controversies in which sin lies on one side and holiness on the other. That this is the right way of treating such discussions is so obvious that the statement is almost trivial. Who, for instance, would even tolerate in the present day a book about Hildebrand or Innocent III. which should deal with their lives in a purely controversial spirit, and without any attempt to sympathise with and understand the spirit of the times in which they lived, and the nature of the problems to which they had to turn their minds? Every modern ecclesiastical history worth reading is written on these principles, and they are altogether inconsistent with the fierce unqualified vehemence which so justly provokes our contempt in the petty warfare of controversy. If, however, this is the right way of treating such subjects, the principles on which it proceeds must be true. If we are right in studying theological controversy historically and philosophically, and not polemically, this must be because the problems which it involves are historical and philosophical. In other words, the only way of treating these subjects which is not utterly repulsive, and, so to speak, bad on the face of it, in the eyes of every man of sense and education, implies the principle that the attainment of truth in theology, as in other matters, is a question of degree, of probability, of time and place.

It is not in literature alone that we are met by this great truth. The same is emphatically true of politics. Nothing else can justify the attitude of toleration, or that attitude of impartiality between different denominations which sensible Governments are every day assuming more and more decisively. In Protestant countries this is done openly, honestly, and in so many words. In Roman Catholic countries it has to be done under a disguise—a very thin one, it is true. This disguise is the arbitrary, and indeed imaginary, distinction between the temporal and spiritual powers—a distinction which is of great use as a decorous way of excluding the Church from direct influence on the more important and interesting departments of human life, but which, considered philosophically, is absurd. Any one who really and seriously believes that there exists in the world a divinely constituted society which is the ultimate and infallible arbiter on all questions of right and wrong, must in consistency believe that the State ought to be its servant. Suppose it is competent to the Church to declare that it is wrong to tolerate heresy, how can the king, or the members of a representative assembly, in their individual capacities, refuse to admit and to act upon this principle? To do so would be to deny to the Church the right of deciding moral questions. The distinction between temporal and spiritual is useful principally because it affords a plausible, though not a tenable, way of evading this tyranny. "I acknowledge your authority in the spiritual department, but I claim the right of deciding for myself what are its limits." They are apt to be very narrow when assigned in this spirit.

It is well worth while to observe how deep and vital is the connexion between bigotry and Romanism carried out in its full perfection. A little volume of Roman Catholic Essays lately published supplies a perfect illustration of this subject. In discussing the position of Roman Catholics in England, Mr. Frederic Oakley observes:—"One of the misfortunes of our position is the temptation it creates to think better of 'liberal Protestants' than of what are called 'bigots.' . . . Our theology gives a preference to those who are faithfully acting upon the dictates of an erroneous conscience over those who renounce in practice the conclusions of their better knowledge, and treat the questions between themselves and us under any other point of view than as one of the gravest personal import." Mr. Oakley is quite right, and perfectly consistent. He is eternally and essentially the ally of the bigots of all creeds and denominations. He has infinitely less in common with Dr. Milman than with the man who can see nothing in his creed but a "Christ-dishonouring, soul-destroying system." Between himself and his brother bigot it is, he feels, a mere question of detail. Are we to fight under a red flag or a blue one?—who is to play hangman, and who martyr? But between himself and a man whose mind is really open to further information, who cares for truth wherever and whatever it may be, and who earnestly believes that it is wider and deeper than any dogmatical system whatever, there is a radical difference. It is far less annoying to be called Antichrist, and a Scarlet Woman sitting on seven hills, than to see oneself quietly explained, and praised or blamed, with fairness and discrimination.

Protestants of all classes should lay to heart Mr. Oakley's admission. The true way of opposing Popery is by opposing the spirit of irrational and unquestioning bigotry. If there were no higher reason for treating Roman Catholics and their creed with respect and kindness, it would be well to do so, because such treatment is the only effectual antidote to the errors of the Roman Catholic Church. View it as one of many ancient institutions, good and useful in some respects, pernicious in others, capable of and urgently requiring reform in almost every part, and you disarm it, because,

amongst other reasons, this view is the true one, and receives confirmation from all historical and philosophical investigations. Get into a fright on the subject, talk about Antichrist and Babylon—admit, in a word, the principle of bigotry—and there is every reason to fear that the diabolical aspect may get to look angelic, and that the bigoted Protestant may turn into an even more bigoted Papist.

#### THE NORTH POLE.

CAPTAIN SHERARD OSBORN is anxious to make another expedition to the North Pole. The object most prominently alleged is the promotion of science; but, by way of subsidiary inducement, we are incidentally reminded that the spirit of adventure is a good thing for the navy, and should be provided with some fitting outlet in times of peace. Captain Osborn does not, indeed, dwell strongly upon this branch of the argument; it is introduced apologetically, rather as an answer to anticipated criticisms than as a substantive part of his case. We are reminded, by this method of reasoning, of the analogous defence of Alpine travelling. The harmless enthusiasts of the Alpine Club are always shy of stating explicitly what every one knows to be their real motive. They try to make out that some scientific purpose will be served by ascending Mont Blanc for the five-hundredth time. They carry about registering thermometers as a mysterious talisman to hallow their expeditions; they measure the angle of inclination of a snowslope within a few degrees, or calculate the height of a mountain within a few hundred feet, just to obtain a colourable pretext for their proceedings. Travellers in very out-of-the-way countries are obliged to resist the impertinent curiosity of the natives by alleging an imaginary search for gold. In more civilized regions, scientific objects serve the same purpose as fictitious goldmines; they are found by practice to produce an excellent effect in silencing scrupulous objectors. A little bit of quasi-scientific zeal leaves the whole lump of unintelligible enthusiasm. The traveller is acquitted on as easy terms as the gentlemen who murder half-a-dozen children, and get off by a few eccentric remarks to a mad doctor in gaol; the scientific mania is considered to excuse a whole series of follies, as the homicidal mania excuses a moderate allowance of murders. It is true that, in the case of the Alps, the pretext is getting somewhat threadbare. The ceremony of quoting a few scientific observations is gone through in the spirit in which people sometimes say grace at a public dinner; it does not mean very much, but it gives a certain tone to the proceedings, and it avoids the awkwardness of dropping an established custom. To us it is perfectly inexplicable that the mere name of Science should exercise this prerogative. In a certain sense, almost any fragment of knowledge may be catalogued under some scientific head. You cannot pick up a stone or catch an insect without discovering some fact which may have some bearing upon geology or entomology. But it is easy to pay too high a price even for geological or entomological information. When expeditions to the North Pole are justified on the ground that they extend our topographical knowledge, it seems to be a roundabout way of repeating a very obvious fact. No one knows, and, at present, very few people care, whether the North Pole is land or water, whether it is inhabited by whales or white bears, or by an intervening type of development. When we get this much desired bit of information, it does not add to its value to call it a topographical truth; if it belongs to that province of knowledge which we are pleased to call scientific, it only proves that scientific knowledge embraces some very uninteresting facts. When a gentleman has been up a mountain where no one has ever been before, he sometimes says that he has made an addition to oregography; but no one would be appreciably the worse if oregography had remained in its former state. It is still incumbent upon the discoverer to show some cause for his claims to gratitude, even when we have admitted that he has made an addition to science. After all, science is only good in so far as it benefits mankind, and it is very hard for the unenlightened public to realize the precise benefits to be gained by increased familiarity with the Pole.

We do not mean to place the results of Arctic exploration upon the same level as the scientific amusement characteristic of its Alpine counterpart. We venture to pronounce no judgment upon their value. It may be very interesting to discover what birds, beasts, and fishes have the misfortune of living within ten degrees of the Pole, and whether they seem to find it pleasant. It is certainly desirable to measure an arc of the meridian in those latitudes, although the British public would probably not wish to pay a high price for it. If there are a set of savages cut off from the world amongst the Polar ice, and preserving the use of flint implements, it would be as well to see them. It is a pity that they should not have the opportunity of seeing a little better society than that of seals and Polar bears; and although, to the vulgar mind, it is not worth travelling many miles to see a dirty savage living upon grease and train-oil, and to observe the delicate shades of distinction which separate him from other dirty savages living upon train-oil and grease, a philosopher may extract something even from an Esquimaux. We are men, and nothing that goes upon two legs, talks, and uses tools—though they be flint implements—can be altogether uninteresting. Without detracting from the importance of these and other observations, we express a doubt, not as to the logic, but as to the policy of assigning to them the prominent place in the argument. They may be the real motives that determine the explorers, but they are not the motives most likely to convince the general public. Most people feel that

[February 11, 1865.]

they could live very happily if the North Pole were abolished by Act of Parliament. There are but a few whose spirits are yearning with a desire to follow knowledge beyond the Arctic Circle. Most persons feel that they are being rather done when an attempt is made to extort their purses on the threat of scientific contempt. Everything that can be called science has a mysterious prestige at the present time, but it is possible to presume a little too far upon popular enthusiasm in the cause. People will at least be inclined to say that, if these strange pursuits have such absorbing charms, the philosophers should pay for the gratification of their depraved appetite.

A stronger appeal to public sympathy may be made on the other ground of argument. "It is vexatious to keep so many brave officers 'spoiling for a fight.'" Smashing piratical Chinese junks and burning Japanese towns seems rather petty occupation for an English sailor. It is, after all, flying at small game. Captain Osborn laid great stress upon his wish for some "nobler" employment. Blowing natives to atoms is chiefly interesting to persons other than philanthropists, as a test for Armstrong guns. It serves to keep our sailors' hands in, more or less, but is not in itself a very glorious pursuit. We can fully sympathize with Captain Osborn's wish to be employed upon some service where there is more novelty and more adventure. The special selection of Arctic exploration is liable to some obvious objections. For ourselves, the prospect of passing two winters amongst icebergs—each winter consisting of one night—with no society but our travelling companions, and savages for an occasional change, is anything but inviting. We would rather be employed in exterminating pirates or intimidating harmless Asiatics for an indefinite period. But if Captain Osborn and his companions despise the trifling inconveniences of a six months' night and a twelve months' frost, we admire their pluck, and should be glad to see them gratified. It is this admiration of a spirit of courageous adventure which is the popular sentiment really propitious to such enterprises. The scientific argument is even antagonistic in its effect. The more obtrusively useless and uncalled for the particular adventure may be, the stronger the relief into which the general love of adventure is thrown. Arctic exploration, to common apprehension, has always derived much of its merit from being a voluntary work of supererogation. It indicated a superabundant fund of courage. There was a desire for getting into dangerous places, which could not find vent in ordinary methods. Our sailors were compelled to knock their heads against icebergs for want of better chances of collision. According to the established legend, Nelson stole the apples because none of his schoolfellows dared to steal them. Arctic voyages gave expression to a similar tendency in grown-up schoolboys. They showed a readiness to perform a feat involving a certain recognised amount of risk. They acted like a safety valve, marking the degree of pressure to which our sailors' courage could be at all times easily raised. The merit from this point of view might be measured, like the merit of a monumental memorial, by the amount of totally useless expenditure. According to Mr. Ruskin's phraseology, it was an illustration of the "lamp of sacrifice."

The North Pole has derived the chief benefit from this state of feeling. We do not know that there is any good reason assignable for our national appreciation of the North Pole. It has probably few intrinsic claims to respect, but the associations that cluster round it have given to it a certain romantic interest. The Thames is not much of a river, and the Tiber is even inferior; but, until Mr. Cobden has converted the world, either of them will exercise more power over our imaginations than the Mississippi or the Hoangho. We look upon the North Pole with an affectionate interest generated by the gallantry of our fellow-countrymen in trying to get near it. The best measure of this adventitious interest is the inferior value which every one sets upon the South Pole. Probably it has as many charms for the unprejudiced traveller, but we are quite willing to bequeath that geographical problem to our Australian descendants. It may continue for many years to come to waste its sweetness on the Antarctic air. But, from our boyhood, the charms of the North Pole have only been rivalled by those of Bagdad. The poetical youth takes most interest in the *Arabian Nights*. The boy with a practical turn, or who is infected with the singular boyish superstition about the charms of a sailor's life, prefers the North Pole. The elements of interest are not quite so varied; but children do not object to incessant repetition. The aurora-borealis, the icebergs, the Polar bears, and the Esquimaux supply the characters and scenery of a drama of inexhaustible interest. As in later life the illusion becomes fainter, we begin to realize the fact that a winter in the Arctic seas must be a stupendous bore. Dr. Johnson's definition of a ship, as a prison with a chance of being drowned, becomes insufficient. We must add the chances of being crushed or frozen, and the certainty of suffering from bad smells and greasy food. But the halo of romance does not altogether fade away in the most prosaic mind; the stories of real heroism to which it is owing have too much living interest to permit of our looking at the matter with a mere calculation of profit and loss. We should be sorry that the supply of such stories should be altogether cut off from our descendants. The Polar seas have the merit that they can never be tamed down into permanent civilization. The backwoods of America are turning rapidly into cultivated fields studded by intensely prosaic towns. Most of the open spaces which once left to the imagination a little elbowroom are being gradually absorbed. The number of spots

on the earth where you can say decisively that you have left civilization behind, and that adventure is still possible, speedily diminishes. The only power which is able to make head against the advancing tide is the power of eternal frost. Even in the heart of Europe, the Alps guard a small area in a state of unpolluted nature. The vast regions of ice that encircle the North Pole can never be much the worse or the better for human interference. They should be kept as a kind of preserve for heroism; whilst the chances of breaking your neck or ruining your constitution steadily diminish elsewhere, there will always be a supply of dangers in the Polar regions. It is a pity that some use should not be made of this peculiarity.

Whether these considerations would justify any public expenditure, and how much they would justify, is another question. Exhibitions of purposeless courage are very good things, but it may be doubted whether it is desirable for the country to pay for them. We admire Captain Osborn's zeal in the cause; but we do not profess to estimate the pecuniary value of the combined claims of science and adventure, or to say whether they would be the most desirable investment for part of the Chancellor of the Exchequer's surplus.

#### AMERICAN WIT.

**M**R. CARLYLE once asked Mr. Emerson, as the Yankee Jean Paul Richter relates, what was there in the life or literature of the States that was original—what purely American result had been the outcome of the new institutions of the New World? Mr. Emerson admitted, of course, that the democracy, the inventiveness, the audacity, were only European ideas "produced," and for a time was silent. Then, notwithstanding the anticipated scorn of his interlocutor, he said that there was a small sect lately arisen, called "Non-Resistants," who determined to carry out to the letter in daily life the Christian doctrine of "when they smite you on the one cheek," &c.; that, he said, was the one purely American doctrine, and worthy to be the creed of a great nation. Read by the light of present events, when Mr. Emerson himself sounds the war-trumpet, the anecdote suggests that the "one" American idea is not in a very fair way of being realized. But the philosopher of Boston might have put in another claim, and with much more validity. Whatever else the Americans have not, they do possess a thoroughly peculiar national wit. The word "humour" is not exactly applicable to it, for it often wants geniality and breadth; but it has the dry flame of real wit. Of course, much of it is based on exaggeration; but to exaggerate truly—that is, to exaggerate not wildly, as a mere liar does, but in the direct line of the fact, on the basis, as it were, of what is—requires imagination. One of the best Yankee exaggerations had the "honour," so to speak, of figuring in one of Mr. Lincoln's State-papers, if indeed the joke was not the more respectable of the two. The President spoke of the Mississippi gunboats of draught so light that they "could float wherever the ground was little damp."

That the continual current of American jokes has not been stopped during the war is natural enough. The Northerners have never loved the war for itself, and have never gone into it heart and soul, as soldiers or lovers of martial deeds. They accept it reluctantly enough as a means of saving the Union, but they do not glory in it as we have gloried in the battles of the Peninsula or in the Crimean war. Hence their readiness to make jokes on what one would naturally regard as too serious a subject for pleasantry. We never treated lightly our Indian mutiny, nor did our forefathers ever laugh at the great colonial revolt; but then we have not Yankee *esprit*, nor the recklessness which is its root. One advantage which the Americans now have in national joking is the possession of a President who is not only the First Magistrate, but the Chief Joker, of the land. Many collections of American jests are advertized as containing "Mr. Lincoln's latest jokes," and some of his stories are certainly good. Some of them are "in his earlier manner," when as yet coercion was not considered essential to the dignity of the North:—

I once knew a good, sound Churchman, whom we'll call Brown, who was on a committee to erect a bridge over a very dangerous and rapid river; architect after architect failed, and at last Brown said he had a friend named Jones who had built several bridges and could build this. "Let's have him, sir," said the committee. It came Jones. "Can you build this bridge, sir?" "Yes," replied Jones; "I would build a bridge to the infernal regions, if necessary." The sober committee were horrified; but when Jones retired, Brown thought it but fair to defend his friend. "I know Jones so well," said he, "and he is so honest a man, and so good an architect, that if he states soberly and positively that he can build a bridge to Hades—why, I believe it. But I have my doubts about the abutment on the infernal side." "So," Lincoln added, "when politicians said they could harmonize the Northern and Southern wings of the democracy, why, I believed them. But I had my doubts about the abutment on the Southern side."

We doubt whether Mr. Lincoln is more sure even now of the abutment; but at all events he, as Pontifex Maximus of the land, works as if he were, and while his half of the bridge holds up he will probably go on. But this story—one of many such—indicates, what all readers must have observed, that the basis of nearly all American wit is irreverence. To call Niagara "a water-privilege," to speak lightly of the most serious events—to treat alligators, lightning, big rivers, trackless mountains, as mere material for jest—is natural enough, for in real life all these things have been actually faced by the lanky lean-visaged pioneers who have given out their dry daring jokes with smileless lips amid swamp fever, star-

vation, and death itself. Besides this, the Americans of the North have a startling readiness to treat with jesting familiarity even the most sacred themes. That their professed wits should do so is, of course, not strange, for religious subjects have again and again provoked the irreverence of professional jokers. But American oratory, literature, and conversation are full of familiar and jocular allusions to matters that other men habitually treat with gravity, and that the Americans themselves sincerely respect. It might be "to consider too curiously" to trace back this American characteristic to its origin, but it is not difficult to see whence it has come. The Puritan element is still strong in the more vital forces of American life and society; in fact, Puritanism, in one shape or another, is the dominant idea of the North. To the founders of New England the historical characters of the Old Testament were not literary shadows, but men given as exemplars. God was to them "a present Deity"; a "special Providence" was ever at their side; peculiar mercies were showered in their path. This stamped their life, their literature, their acts, their words with a religion actual, vivid, solid, full of fact. They spoke of Jehovah and Christ, of Heaven and Hell, of Death and the Judgment as they would of the serious familiar facts of daily life—as they spoke of their long barn, or their fifteen-acre field, or their new clearing. The Devil was as real as the Red Indian, and was spoken of in much the same way, as a real living enemy haunting New England, to be met, and, if possible, overcome. Puritanism in its day, in our own country, was much the same thing; in its literature we find allusions which even Mr. Spurgeon would think coarse, and passages which perhaps the *Record* would hesitate to print. The American irreverence that translates the Bible into newspaper jokes is therefore descended, on one side, from the fearless Puritan handling of religious names, thoughts, and facts; but, on the other side, it is derived from the audacious, wild-cat Yankee spirit evoked by New World facts. Men who have had to encounter the hardships and perils of backwood life must, above all things, have courage; and the courage that habitually faces danger, discomfort, rough life, gouging, bowie-knives, and free fights, soon becomes recklessness. Take your Puritan, with his constant dragging in of religious words and ideas into daily life; keep him for years far from "the means of grace," as prayer-meetings are called; give him, instead of imaginary wrestlings with Satan, some tough fights with grisly bears; show him chances of cheating Red Indians, of larrupping niggers, of "striking a trade" with a Yankee less keen than himself; and you have, as the result, an odd mongrel—one-third Fifth Monarchy, one-third Red Indian, one-third Joe Miller, with the "Bible twang"; grave, lantern-jawed, and lean, like the aborigines; with the old English love of humour, but humour dried, cut into slips, and preserved—English beef "jerked," with a peculiar flavour of its own. When Bishop Simpson of Pennsylvania said that "God could not do without America," we had the quintessence of the Yankee Puritan. It came out in another shape when the *New York Herald*, wishing to monopolize the telegraph wires that it might have the first announcement of the Prince of Wales's landing at Halifax, instructed its reporter to engage them three hours in advance, and "send on the Book of Job." The New York Saturday journals testify abundantly to this free handling of religion; we have all the churches advertising against one another with a zeal from which our theatrical lessees might take a lesson. Dr. Cheever preaches "the Pranks of Harmless Mirth in the Town of Mansoul"; Miss Antoinette L. Brown "orates" on "Men and Women" (for the lions have turned painters at last); while a Mr. Armitage, in rather mean revenge, intimates a lecture on "the Character of Eve." The Church in Forty-first Street advertises "good singing and a cordial welcome to all strangers"; while "Samuel Shefield Snow, Herald of the Kingdom of God," promises "the sure word of prophecy" in Hope Chapel, Broadway. Another church heads its advertisement with "Take Notice! No Sectarianism, no Politics in the Pulpit, but the Gospel alone"—evidently a side hit at that shining light Mr. Henry Ward Beecher. In Second Street Church, "The New York Praying Band, Samuel Halstead, Esq., Leader, will conduct the Services." How the band is drilled or organized, whether it goes from church to church, or will "execute orders at the shortest notice," we do not know; but it is, at all events, a fact duly advertised in the latest journals of New York. Here we have the Puritan familiarity without the intention of irreverence; but we have the same changed into a camp joke in the story of the Colonel (reprinted in all the American papers about a year ago) who, hearing from his Baptist chaplain that there had been ten conversions in a rival regiment, exclaimed, "Do you say so? Sergeant Jones! detail fifteen men of my regiment for immediate baptism." There is another story—invented of course—indicating a recklessness in profanity that it is difficult to characterize. It is stated that, after the battle of Chattanooga, a chaplain—dressed probably as unclerically as army chaplains on actual service generally are—knelt by the side of a dying soldier, and abruptly asked, "My man, do you know who died for you?" The Yankee soldier opened his eyes and replied, "Wal now, stranger, I guess this is not a time for asking conundrums." Writers and readers who could manufacture and relish such a jest must have ideas of propriety which it is very hard for Englishmen to understand.

Some of the American jokes issued during the war have one advantage—they date themselves. For instance, the man who claims exemption because he is "a negro, a minister, over age, a British subject, and an habitual drunkard," evidently invented the excuses

during the first draft, when these things were disqualifications. In later drafts, both ministers and negroes were expressly included, and there is not the least doubt that British subjects, persons over age, and habitual drunkards, were actually, if not formally, taken. If cripples did not serve, they at least obtained the bounty. We have also some exchanges of repartee in the earlier part of the war which show that, before General Butler ruled New Orleans, Northern soldiers were good-humoured enough to be courteous, if keen, with "the Secesh women" whom they afterwards insulted and reviled. On passing through Baltimore in April, 1861, a Massachusetts soldier retorted the sarcasm of a Maryland lady with a wit compared to which Butler's celebrated "woman" order does not speak well for the influence of the war on the manners of the North:—

"Are you a Massachusetts soldier?" said a woman elegantly dressed, and doubtless deemed a lady in Baltimore. "I am, madam," was the courteous answer of the officer thus addressed. "Well, thank God, my husband is in the Southern army, ready to kill such hirelings as you." "Do you not miss him, madam?" said the officer. "Oh yes, I miss him a good deal." "Very well, madam, we are going South in a few days, and will try to find him and bring him back here with his companions."

The early tone of the South was arrogant in the extreme. In February, 1861, a Charleston paper thus speaks of the North, at that time hopelessly divided, with a President disliking Secession, but disliking coercion more—with Abolitionists half inclined to let the South go, and Democrats anxious to bring it back by any concession:—

The South *might*, after uniting under a new confederacy, treat the disorganized and demoralized Northern States as *insurgents*, and deny them recognition. But if peaceful division ensues, the South, after taking the Federal capital and archives, and being recognised by all foreign Powers as the Government *de facto*, can, if they see proper, recognise the Northern Confederacy, or Confederacies, and enter into treaty stipulations with them. Were this not done, it would be difficult for the Northern States to take place among nations, and their flag would not be respected or recognised.

We well remember the time when it was thought that a people who could brag so loudly were not likely to fight well. The war, however, has proved an old truth—"sometime a paradox"—that boasters do not always turn out cowards. But since there has been real fighting this bragging has died out; the above was written before a single shot had been fired. On the Northern side there was a fully equal amount of "ninety days" vaunting, which continued till the end of the second year of the conflict, not unsatirized amongst themselves. "General," said Major Jack Downing, "I always observed that those persons who have got a great deal to say about bein ready to shed the last drop of their blood are amazin particular about the first drop." Altogether, the light tone of the Northern press in the earlier part of the war—their certainty that it would be a "one-horse rebellion"—was evident in the whole tone of their humorous writing during 1861.

The following, from Artemus Ward to the Prince of Wales, was published before the recent outburst of hatred of Great Britain:—

In my country we've got a war, while your country manetanes a nootral position. Yes, sir, we've got a war, and the troo Patriit has to make sacrifices. I have alredy given two cousins to the war, and I stand ready to sacrifice my wife's brother rather'n not see the rebellyin kraught. And if wuss comes to wuss I'll shed every drop of blood my able-bodied relations has got to proskoot the war. I think somebody ought to be proskooted, and it may as well be the war as anybody else.

The same writer reports one of this orator's speeches, made when the North began to doubt whether the negro was worth fighting for:—

"Feller Sittersuns.—The African may be our brother. Seveir hily respectable gentlemen and some talented females tell us so, and for argyment sake i might be injoosied to grant it, tho' i don't beleive it myself. But the Afric can't our sister and wife and uncle. He isn't seveir of our brothers and fust wife's relashuns. He isn't our grandfather and grata grandfather and our aunt in the country. Scarcely—and yet numeris persons would have us think so. It's troo he runs Congress and seveir others grossery's, but he ain't everybody. But we've got the African, or ruther he's got us, and how are we going to do about it? He's a orful noosance. Perhaps he isn't to blame for it. P'raps he was created for some wise purpos, like the measles and New England rum, but it's mity hard to see it. At any rate he is here, and as I stated to Mr. What-is-it, it's a pity he cooden go off somewhere quietly by himself, where he cood wear red weskit and speckled neckties, and gratify his ambition in varis interestin wayse without havin a eternal fuss up about him. Perhaps I'm bearing down too hard on Cuffy."

We do not know that column after column of leading articles, or letters from Special Correspondents, or tomes of essays, or libraries of big books could give a better idea of the real feeling of the Americans about the negro—at all events during the early part of the struggle—than the above mock oration. There was, in the first year of the war, in the minds of nearly all politicians, including the moderate Republicans, an impatience of the peril into which the African had brought the Union—a thorough conviction that Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips and the men of Boston generally, who knew very little of the unfortunate descendant of Ham, had made too much of the negro, and that "nigger on the brain" had driven wise men mad. The feeling found utterance in many speeches and articles, and at length took official form when Mr. Lincoln, in words almost as curt as those of Artemus Ward, and quite as uncouth, advised the African to emigrate, and offered to assist him. The Americans are not an unkindly people; they are excessively good-humoured; but their long cowardice in facing the fact of African slavery has certainly come home to them bitterly enough, and it is no great wonder that there should be in their tone an irritable impatience at the terrible burden they have brought upon

themselves—a burden which even the close of the war will not lift off. General Banks has had to report that nearly fifty per cent. of the negroes within his lines have died since the Union troops took possession of the district under his control—and, we are sure, without any intentional inhumanity on the part of the Federal troops. But the shiftless negro, under new and inexperienced masters, is very likely to learn every vice of civilization, and to suffer for his sins. The United States will no doubt manfully endeavour to meet the difficulty, for there is too much publicity and good feeling to permit any authorized cruelty and neglect; and the "sneaking kindness" of the people for the negro is best indicated in the doubt finally expressed by Mr. Artemus Ward, "Perhaps I'm bearing down too hard on Cuffy."

That there is but one St. Shoddy, and that the contractors make great profits, is American religion at all times. We have in the next anecdote an appreciation of the truth:—

"No, William Baker, you cannot have my daughter's hand in marriage until you are her equal in wealth and social position." The speaker was a haughty old man of some sixty years, and the person he addressed was a fine-looking young fellow of twenty-five. With a sad aspect the young man withdrew from the stately mansion. Six months later he stood again in the presence of the haughty father, who thus angrily addressed him:—"What, you here again?" "Ah, old man," proudly exclaimed William Baker, "I am here your daughter's equal, and yours." The old man's lips curled with scorn. A derisive smile lit up his cold features, when, casting violently upon the marble centre-table an enormous roll of greenbacks, William Baker cried, "See, look on this wealth, and I've tenfold more. Listen, old man; you spurned me from your door, but I did not despair. I secured a contract for supplying the army of — with beef—" "Yes! yes!" eagerly exclaimed the old man. "And I bought up all the disabled cavalry horses I could find." "I see, I see," cried the old man; "and very good beef they make, too." "They do, they do; and the profits are immense." "I should say so." "And now, sir, I claim your daughter's fair hand." "Boy, she is yours; but hold—look me in the eye. Throughout all this have you been loyal?" "To the core," cried William Baker. "And," continued the old man, in a voice husky with emotion, "are you in favour of a vigorous prosecution of the war?" "I am, I am." "Then, boy, take her! Maria, child, come hither. Your William claims thee. Be happy, my children; and whatever our lot in life may be, let us all support the Government."

From the camps we have few stories, but one—highly complimentary to Arkansas—supplies us with an entirely new history of the causes of the continuance of the conflict. The Federal soldiers at Helena used to amuse the inhabitants of that place, on their first arrival, by telling them yarns. They reported that some time ago "Jeff. Davis got tired of the war, and wished President Lincoln to meet him on neutral ground, to discuss the terms of peace. They met accordingly, and after a talk concluded to settle the war by dividing the territory and stopping the fighting. The North took the Northern States, and the South the Gulf and the seaboard Southern States. Lincoln took Texas and Missouri, and Davis Kentucky and Tennessee, so that all were parcelled off excepting Arkansas. Lincoln didn't want it—Jeff. wouldn't have it. Neither would consent to take it, and on that they split, and the war has been going on ever since."

We shall conclude with one purely military:—

At the Lewinsville skirmish the colonel of the 19th Indiana, noticing some of his men ducking their heads as the shells fell about, rode along the line, calling out to them, "Boys, hold up your heads, and act like men." Immediately after, however, an 18-pounder shell burst within a few yards of him, scattering the fragments in all directions. Instinctively he jerked his head almost to the saddle-bow, while his horse squatted with fear. "Boys," said he, as he raised up and reined in his steed, "You may dodge the large ones."

#### THE PROTESTANT ALLIANCE IN GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

CAN any one versed in theological controversy tell us the exact distinction between the "Protestant Association," the "Evangelical Alliance," and the "Protestant Alliance"? All three bodies, we believe, still exist; certainly all of them have existed within a few years, and all of them have kicked up a greater or less amount of dust in the world. We believe it was the Evangelical Alliance who went to Berlin to take sweet counsel with their Evangelical brother the late King of Prussia, and were dreadfully shocked when His Majesty sent them to worship in a church which contained an altar decked with a crucifix and candles. We rather think it was the Protestant "Association" which used to be most heard of in the days of our youth, and it is certainly the Protestant "Alliance" which has made itself most heard of lately. We do not profess to know the exact difference between an "Association" and an "Alliance"—a distinction almost as puzzling as that between "Federal" and "Confederate"—or whether Associates or Allies are supposed to be bound together by the closer ties. We do not even know whether the Association and the Alliance are different names of the same body, or whether the Alliance is in any way the child or disciple of the Association. But certainly of late years the Allies have been much more busy than the Associates. Nothing can be done in any corner of the Kingdom but the High Allies think their duty to have a finger in the pie. If any good work is started anywhere, if any improvement, literary or charitable, is anywhere contemplated, the watchful censor who dates from Serjeants' Inn forthwith puts it on the rack to see if everything is exactly in accordance with the "Scriptural Doctrines of the Reformation." What those doctrines are—whether the doctrines of Henry, of Edward, or of Elizabeth, the dogmas of Luther or the dogmas of Zwingli, the First Prayer-Book or the Second, the Thirty-nine Articles or the Forty-two—the Alliance does not condescend to explain, and most likely the Alliance does not very clearly know.

As a general rule, the feelings of the Alliance, when any work of piety or charity is proposed, are much the same as those of the old Scotchwoman who was taken to an English cathedral service—"It's a' var a fine, but it smacks o' the Paip." It is hard to do anything in any walk of life in which the keen noses of the Protestant Alliance will not find something which "smacks o' the Paip" at least as much as surplices, chants, and organs. If a set of Oxford Examiners venture to doubt the infallibility of that sound Protestant doctor David Hume, if they venture to throw suspicion on the details of the amours of King Edgar, or to think twice before they assert that Edward the First massacred the Welsh bards, the Protestant Alliance is at once down upon them. Such doubts do more than "smack o' the Paip"; they can come from nowhere except directly out of the Popish Lingard. In short, the Protestant Alliance is here, there, and everywhere, and looks after everything that is done. The Secretary, who dates from Serjeants' Inn, is a Mr. Charles Bird, and, considering the ubiquity of his performances, one would think he must belong to the genus of birds spoken of by Sir Boyle Roche, which were capable of being "in two places at once."

The Protestant Alliance has just found for itself a very pretty quarrel to meddle with in "the godly city of Gloucester." In that city there is an Infirmary, an institution which we should have thought was neither Popish nor Protestant, but simply charitable. The Gloucester Infirmary, like other Infirmaries, extends its benefits to the evil and to the good, to the orthodox and to the heterodox. If a man has broken his leg, it has surgeons who will set it without requiring his assent to the Athanasian Creed. If a man has a clinic ailment, it has physicians who will prescribe for him, even though he should adhere to the most damnable doctrines and positions of the Church of Rome. Nay, it takes the money of subscribers who would utterly refuse to sign the "Oxford Declaration," and who would not feel altogether comfortable in signing even the Articles of Religion. As far as we can see, there is nothing to hinder a Jew, a Mahometan, or a Buddhist, nothing to hinder a follower of Darwin or a follower of Colenso, from being either a patient or a Governor of the Gloucester Infirmary. Why such an institution should be held to have anything to do with "our Reformed Church," or to be at all pledged to "the scriptural doctrines of the Reformation," it utterly passes our capacity to understand.

The Protestant Alliance, however, thinks differently; so also do Lord Fitzhardinge, Mr. F. H. F. Berkeley, and several other gentlemen of the city and county of Gloucester. It seems that in the Gloucester Infirmary there has been found a great difficulty in obtaining the services of properly trained nurses. The want is strongly set forth by the medical officers of the Infirmary, and it appears seriously to cripple the usefulness of the institution, especially, if we rightly understand the statement, with regard to out-patients. Now an opportunity of supplying the want has just been supplied. There has lately been established in Gloucester one of those institutions at which the true English Protestant looks aghast, though his French, German, or Swiss co-religionist can regard them without any horror at all. The godly city has actually become the dwelling-place of a "Sisterhood," an institution which, we need not say, smacks very considerably of the Paip. To be sure its inmates are tied by no vows and bound to no conventional observances; any sister can leave the Home whenever she pleases; the Bishop of the diocese is Visitor, seemingly Visitor with absolute powers, except so far as the Dean, Canons, and certain other clergymen and laymen share the supervision with him. One would think that, with so many watchful eyes to look after them, the Sisters of St. Lucy at Gloucester cannot do anything very dreadful, anything that could seriously offend even the Protestant orthodoxy of Berkeley Castle. Now the ladies who form this Sisterhood devote themselves, among other good works, to the training of nurses for the sick. Here, then, is just the opportunity which the Infirmary wanted; here was a supply of the needful article to be had absolutely for nothing. To an institution like the Infirmary, not confined to any particular religious persuasion, it was perfectly indifferent whether the nurses were High Church or Low Church, Roman Catholics, Anabaptists, or Jewesses; all that was wanted was, what the nature of the Sisterhood guaranteed, respectability of character and proper professional training. The Medical Board of the Infirmary accordingly recommended, and the Weekly Board of Governors adopted, a resolution to accept the unpaid services of "pupil nurses," whether from the Sisterhood of St. Lucy or of any other institution of the kind, under precautions which, one would have thought, might have satisfied Lord Shaftesbury or the *Morning Advertiser*. The resolution ran thus:—

That the Weekly Board accept the following proposal, and that a Sub-Committee of this Board be appointed to consult with the Medical Board, and report upon it, viz.:—

That permission be given for the admission of Pupil Nurses in the Wards of this Hospital, subject to the following conditions:—

They shall come from a recognised Home, properly supervised. They shall be admitted by, and amenable to, the authority of the Weekly Board.

They shall be designated Pupil Nurses.

They shall be at no cost to the Infirmary, nor sleep, nor have their meals there, unless by the special direction of any of the Medical Officers.

Their daily attendance at fixed hours shall be obligatory.

They shall be regarded as auxiliaries to the permanent Nurses.

They shall be subject to the Medical Officers, resident and non-resident, to the Chaplain, and to the Matron, in every particular, and in the same

degree as the other Servants and Nurses in whatever concerns the duties and authority of those Officers as laid down in the rules of the Infirmary now in force.

We may add that, to cut off the least chance of theological scandal, another resolution was unanimously passed, "that any proof of religious interference on the part of a pupil nurse should lead to her instant dismissal."

One would have thought that no possible prudence on the part of the Weekly Board could have devised guarantees more effectual for keeping everything in the most safe and orthodox state. Not so, however, thought the Protestant mind of Gloucester and Gloucestershire; not so did it seem to the unsullied orthodoxy of the house of Berkeley. The honourable member for Bristol, we all know, is a student of the New Testament; he goes to the Acts of the Apostles to find precedents to justify Vote by Ballot. So careful a theologian might easily have found in a no less canonical book certain rules for an institution not altogether unlike the one which has just been set up at Gloucester. To be sure in those days they were Mothers in Israel who had the charge of washing the saints' feet, while in these degenerate times we have somehow come down from Mothers to Sisters. Possibly this is the real objection; there is certainly no direct evidence that Tryphena and Tryphosa, and the beloved Persis, and Phoebe Servant of the Church at Cenchrea, ever distinctly assumed the title of Sisters. Sisters of St. Lucy they clearly could not have been before St. Lucy was born. The Protestant mind, it seems, cannot endure a "Sisterhood," a Sisterhood "under the government of a 'Lady Superior,'" one above all which had attached to it "a clergyman of the Church of England styled a 'Warden.'" This title of "Warden," written, as we have given it, in Italics, seems to be the climax of iniquity. Yet what is there so very dreadful about a Warden? A Waywarden is a very harmless sort of person; a Churchwarden has been known to appear as the champion of the purest Protestantism; even the Warden pure and simple exists in more than one College at Oxford without carrying about him any special atmosphere of Popery. Somebody too has preached about the Home, and "admitted it to be the revival of an Order which from its abuses had been suppressed in this country at the time of the Reformation, but which, it was hoped, under our Reformed Church would be free from objection."

We do not know whether any one of the gentlemen signing the protest happens to be a writer in the *Times*. The style of composition employed would certainly suggest that the author must be something of the sort. Suppressing an Order "from its abuses" gives us no very clear idea, any more than the curious phrase "under our Reformed Church." But the main point is that we must beg the brothers Berkeley to explain to us what "our Reformed Church" has to do with the Gloucester Infirmary, to tell us also what is the Order which was "from its abuses suppressed," and lastly to give us some more exact date. If they know precisely when "the time of the Reformation" was, we do not.

But the oddest things are still to come. The Sisterhood is objected to because it is "of a private character, subject to no public supervision or control whatever." Lord Fitzhardinge and his colleagues do not define what "public supervision and control" are, but it is clear that the supervision of Bishop, Dean, Canons, &c., is not public supervision. What is "public supervision" we are left to guess from the following Resolution, rejected by the Weekly Board:—

That Pupil Nurses shall not be introduced to this Infirmary from any Institution that shall not have been established by a public meeting of the inhabitants of the city and county of Gloucester (properly convened), and subject to public supervision.

We can only guess that no supervision is "public," except the supervision of the inhabitants of the city and county of Gloucester *en masse*. Nothing short of this would be a "reliable guarantee" for the public. This is beyond our powers of democratic endurance. A Landesgemeinde may be a very proper body to pass a law or to elect a magistrate, but we do not see how it can act as Visitor of an Institution for Training Nurses.

Lastly, Lord Fitzhardinge and his fellow-Protestants tell us—

The Resolution adopted by the Weekly Board can be at once acted upon; and, that the Governors may know what its immediate action may be, we desire further to state that at the present time there are two recognised Homes in Gloucester, the one in St. Mark's parish, the other in connexion with the Roman Catholic Communion. And the question having been asked at the meeting of the Weekly Board, whether, under the Resolution, admission to Pupil Nurses from the latter establishment could be refused, it was stated that it could not; and truly so. And every religious denomination forming such a Home could claim, and must receive, the same privilege.

So be it. We will not stop to discuss the curious antithesis between a Home "in St. Mark's parish" and a Home "in connexion with the Roman Catholic Communion," nor to ask whether this last roundabout phrase means simply that the Sisters at the other Home are Roman Catholics. What if they are? If their nurses are professionally skilful and morally respectable, what does it matter if they bow down to all the stocks and stones in the world? Let them come; let the other "religious denominations" come too. The Infirmary can have no possible objection to a Methodist or an Anabaptist nurse, if she be only properly qualified. Why should an institution intended for the general good of mankind be thus turned into one "of a close character"? We had always thought that the House of Berkeley went in for "Civil and Religious Liberty all over the World."

And now for the Protestant Alliance. Each Governor, it seems, has been treated to a harrowing pamphlet on "Anglican Sister-

hoods." The tract contains a frightful account of the cruel and Popish things which Miss Somebody saw and suffered in some Sisterhood somewhere. We have no notion whether the story is true or false; if true, the institution must be something utterly different from St. Lucy's at Gloucester. If the Protestant Alliance has no faith in Bishop Ellicot, does not the character of Dean Law supply a "reliable guarantee"? However, the "foregoing statements are commended to the serious consideration of all who value the Protestant faith and the well-being of their country;" and on the strength of this, a circular comes from Mr. Bird to the Governors of the Gloucester Infirmary dispersed throughout the world, "earnestly requesting them to use their influence against a proposal" for "admitting as Pupil Nurses females (*sic*) from the Sisterhood of St. Lucy." With characteristic inaccuracy or misrepresentation, the Protestant Alliance represents the admission of the Pupil Nurses—not exclusively from St. Lucy's—as a "proposal" still to be made. What Lord Fitzhardinge and the rest wish to do is not to reject a "proposal," but to rescind a resolution already regularly made.

The question is to be entertained on the 16th of this month. It is not a local but a public question. Are institutions of a purely charitable nature to be shackled by sectarian restraints? We trust that the Governors of the Gloucester Infirmary will have the courage—for it does require some courage—to support the resolutions of the sensible and experienced men who form the Medical and Weekly Boards, and will refuse to be led away by intolerant clamour either from Berkeley Castle or from Serjeants' Inn.

#### THE CAPTURE OF FORT FISHER.

ADMIRAL PORTER'S report of his successful operations against Fort Fisher is one of those documents that the United States alone can produce. The failure of a force detached from the fleet to carry the sea front, while the army was forcing its way through the land defences, is imimitably described. Of course there was nothing wrong in the dispositions made for the assault, and the sailors seem to have made a very gallant rush; but part of the arrangement was that a party of marines should kill all the "rebels," by accurate fire from rifle-pits, before the sailors arrived at the foot of the wall. The only defect in the execution of the plan was that the marines did not kill all the rebels, but left enough of them to drive the sailors back to their trenches. "If the marines had done their duty," says the Admiral, "every one of the rebels would have been killed"—an opinion which shows that the marines in the Federal service must be very good shots indeed, and the Admiral himself an excellent judge of rifle-practice. But, though the naval contingent had not the honour of first scaling the walls of the fort, it probably contributed greatly to the success of the attack by diverting the attention of the garrison from the more formidable assault of the army on the land defences. It will be remembered that, on the first bombardment of Fort Fisher, five or six Parrott guns burst, and caused almost the only casualties on the Federal side. The Admiral reported strongly against this class of guns, and in his second report disposes of the whole subject in a very cheerful and off-hand fashion:—"I believe we have burst all the rifled guns left in the fleet (one on the *Susquehanna*, one on the *Petrel*, one on the *Osceola*), and I think the reputation of these guns is now about ruined." It was, therefore, at any rate, not from the superiority of their rifled ordnance that the ships were able completely to silence and disable the guns of the fort (some of them Armstrongs and Whitworths) without, as it would seem, receiving any serious injury themselves. The experiment of the attack, apart from its military importance, was extremely interesting, though the result is less instructive than might have been expected. On the attacking side, the small advance squadron of Monitors put the turret principle to the test in more ways than one; while, on the part of the defenders, the capabilities of earthworks, the best possible defence against artillery, were brought, as was supposed, to the highest point of perfection by the scientific sand-hills which the Confederates had been three years in constructing. The fort mounted upwards of 70 guns—some, though it would seem few, of them rifles of large calibre—and every gun was separated from its neighbour by a huge sand traverse, under which were magazines and bomb-proofs for the shelter of the garrison. As far as the mere fabric of the fort was concerned, the capture has thrown no discredit on the earthwork principle which has been so highly estimated since the weary siege of Sebastopol. It seems certain that the first bombardment did no appreciable damage to the sand-walls, and it is not alleged that the second and severer storm of shot and shell was in this respect much more effective. But on both occasions the weight of metal brought to bear on the fortifications was sufficient to make it impossible to work the guns in the fort, and to drive all the defenders to their refuges in the traverses. The difference in the effect of the fire on the two occasions was, however, very important; for while the first bombardment put no more than two guns *hors de combat*, the second left none serviceable in the sea face, and not many on the landward side. Almost the only difficulty that the assaulting parties had to contend with was a musketry fire strong enough to repulse the ill-organized attack of the naval contingent, but not sufficient to resist the advance of an overpowering force of regular troops.

As to the comparative strength of ships and forts, this brilliant

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achievement scarcely teaches us as much as it would have done if the disparity of force had been less considerable. A fleet of ships throwing 50,000 shells in four-and-twenty hours might well be expected to dismount the guns of a single fort, and drive its occupants to shelter as they best could; and the only wonder is, not that the second bombardment was so effective, but that the first did so little damage. The concentrated fire of a large fleet of ships against a single fort is altogether beyond the scale of any system of land-batteries that was ever constructed; and the fact that, almost from the commencement of the attack, the Confederates were unable to reply with accuracy or effect, proves nothing to the discredit either of their earthworks or their soldiers. Neither, on the other hand, does the success of the bombardment establish anything conclusive as to the efficiency of Monitors or other iron-clads when opposed to fortifications. When once a fire is obtained so powerful as to render it impossible for an enemy to serve his guns, it matters very little whether the vessels of the attacking squadrons are made of wood or iron. As a matter of fact, scarcely any of them were hit, and under such circumstances there is nothing to show whether they were invulnerable or not. Though the defensive strength of the American Monitors was not very severely tried, some measure was afforded of their offensive powers, and the result as summed up by Admiral Porter is very much what might have been anticipated. The enormous calibre of the guns carried by the Monitors was of great service in dismounting the enemy's cannon and destroying their palisades, though they do not seem to have done much damage to the sandbank entrenchments; but it was to the rapid fire of the broadside vessels, which drove the Confederates from their guns, that the victory was mainly owing. Both on account of the small number of guns which they could carry, and the difficulty of firing rapidly from turrets without being impeded by smoke, the number of shot and shell discharged from these ships seems to have been very moderate; and if there is any special hint to be gathered from the engagement, it is that Monitors should, under most circumstances, be combined with broadside vessels able to keep up a rapid and continuous fire.

The really important discovery made by Admiral Porter is that vessels of the Monitor construction, and of very moderate dimensions, are capable of riding out a gale which it was thought would send them all to the bottom. No coast can be less inviting in bad weather than that off Cape Fear River; and the weather was bad enough to make two of the large wooden frigates and all the transports "cut and run," to use the Admiral's idiomatic phrase. Nevertheless, the Monitors stood the gale bravely, and though at times the sea would go over the turrets and down the funnels, they made, according to the official report, excellent weather, and rode easier than the rest of the fleet. Their commanders had nothing to say against them, except that they were a little damp, though it is admitted that two of them leaked like a sieve, one at the bows and the other through the decks. These were all what we should consider in England small vessels—the largest of them, the *Monadnock*, being a mere boat by the side of our *Royal Sovereign*, which the tender care of the Admiralty has pronounced incapable of anything but coast service. Admiral Porter, on the strength of her behaviour on the voyage to the coast of Wilmington, and at anchor during the gale, takes a much more confident view of the sea-going capabilities of the *Monadnock*. It is possible that the substance of his report on this subject may be as full of exaggeration as its tone is of bad taste, but it would not be prudent for England to be altogether indifferent to so startling a prediction as the American Admiral hazards as to the powers of his model Monitor. "The *Monadnock* is capable of crossing the ocean alone (when her compasses are once adjusted properly), and could destroy any vessel in the French or British navy, lay their towns under contribution, and return again (provided she could pick up coal) without fear of being followed." Her speed is said to be between 13 and 14 knots, which is not much short of that of the very best of our frigates; and though a real storm in the middle of the Atlantic might try her more severely than the gale off Wilmington, it is quite possible that she could keep the sea as long as her supply of coals lasted. What the *Monadnock* can do the *Royal Sovereign* can assuredly do with greater ease and less risk, and, considering the pleasant sort of cruise which Admiral Porter anticipates for his iron-clad, it would be quite as well that the British navy should have a few turret ships able to return the compliment by a voyage to New York. There is nothing whatever in the principle of construction which ought to make a well-designed turret ship less seaworthy than a wooden frigate, and the sooner our naval authorities recognise a truth which the trial of rough weather off the coast of Carolina has forced into the mind of an American admiral who owns to a prejudice in favour of wooden walls, the better it will be for the prospects of the British navy. Whether the model ultimately approved shall be a turret, or a broadside ship, or one of the ingenious "end-on" vessels, it is essential that serviceable sea-going frigates, carrying guns at least as heavy as those of the *Royal Sovereign*, should be added to the strength of our fleet. Something of the kind has long since been promised, and no one knows how soon it may be needed; but unless some greater vigour is shown on our side it is not impossible that the first 300-pounder gun which crosses the Atlantic as part of the armament of a ship of war may be found on board of an American frigate. Without quite crediting all Admiral Porter's boasting,

this is not a sight which Englishmen in general would be gratified to see; nor is it even now too late to forestall the Federals in the rapid advance which they are making towards the construction of a thoroughly efficient cupola-ship.

#### THE GHOSTS OF BROKEN PLEDGES.

THE enterprising editor of a country paper has endeavoured to excite the grave indignation of outraged Liberal electors by the simple device of snipping out and publishing bits of the last election addresses of those sincere and ardent reformers, Lord Palmerston, Sir George Grey, Sir Charles Wood, and other members of the present Cabinet. The notion is by no means a bad one, though there is considerable risk that these fragments of political professions will excite less indignation than amusement. The young lady's counsel in an action for breach of promise, though nominally making an impassioned appeal to the jury's sense of justice, is very well aware that the racy passages from the defendant's love-letters are much more likely to furnish a little hearty diversion than to make the jury very angry. The class of people who always insist on an impracticable morality of abstract principles may, of course, indulge in a great deal of solemn censure upon the political profligacy of a pledge-breaking Cabinet. They insist upon applying to public conduct the laws which are found to be salutary in private life, and think a member of Parliament who sees reason for altering an opinion as great a scoundrel as the man who jilts his sweetheart without any reason at all. But persons of greater moderation may very well be content to derive mere amusement from the long record of positive and dogmatic assertions made six years ago as to the existence of a necessity which has ever since been as positively and dogmatically denied. So long as people will persist in exacting or masking huge unmodified promises, they will supply very reasonable diversion to those who know that unmodified promises are always broken in the long run; and the promises which are most unmodified are just those which are most speedily and thoroughly violated. Lovers who make the most ardent vows of constancy notoriously prove the worst husbands, and the candidates who give the most unqualified pledges no sooner obtain seats than they see more clearly than anybody else the necessity for disregarding them. The practice of laughing at the love-letters of a faithless defendant is, perhaps, theoretically reprehensible. Men ought not to say what they do not mean. But extravagance in profession, contrasted with violent shortcomings in practice, is what the cynical and the good-tempered equally cannot help delighting in. Besides, we know justice is sure to be done in the end. The roars of the court do not serve to mitigate damages, and the more ardent the letters the more will the defendant have to pay for having been so imbecile as to write them.

In politics, it is true, vengeance often follows with halting steps. Six years have elapsed since Sir Charles Wood declared it to be "*indispensably necessary* that some lowering of the qualification should take place." As a rule, when politicians talk about anything being indispensably necessary, it is safe to conclude that within six months the given subject will have been entirely dropped. Even Sir Charles Wood could scarcely have devised a more perverse and hollow statement. Yet he is still in office, and it is supposed that he may at any time be removed to the Whig Paradise. It is five years since Sir George Grey expressed his belief that "there were very few members who did not think it *absolutely necessary* that the Reform question should be disposed of—not by attempting to set it aside or shelve it, not by endeavouring to shut the doors against those of the working classes who are now excluded from the franchise, but by the admission of a portion of them, at least, to the exercise of the suffrage." But retribution still lags behind the author of this rash proposition, and signal incapacity remains triumphant at the Home Office. These two sagacious and farsighted statesmen want to hear no more of the measure which was formerly so indispensably and absolutely necessary, and for very sufficient reasons; but it would be exceedingly absurd to suppose that either of them has learnt discretion in the use of words, or would refrain from again pronouncing Parliamentary Reform inevitable if they were unluckily thrust out into the cold of Opposition. Their immunity from punishment, however, is only apparent. To persons who hold the vulgar views about retribution, they may seem to have escaped every possible penalty for recklessly given undertakings to promote what they declared to be inevitable. Superficial people are never content unless folly or wickedness is chastised from without. But to others the fact that an offender is foolish or wicked is in itself the most complete moral punishment. If a man is grossly selfish, or a liar, or a drunkard, he is adequately punished by the loss of all the higher pleasures of disinterestedness, of sincerity, of temperance. Men are rewarded and punished in their own natures. Sir George Grey is punished for all his weak exploits by the fact of his being Sir George Grey. No severer penalty could be exacted from Sir Charles Wood by disappointed and furious Reformers than nature exacted by anticipation when she made him Sir Charles Wood. To an active, modest, conciliatory, and able official no amount of salary or dignity would really compensate for a miraculous change, if it could be accomplished, into the character of the present Indian Secretary. A foolish man may appear happier and better off than a wise one, but you would never persuade the latter to change

mental places with him. This theory is not, it must be admitted, entirely satisfactory. Weak human nature yearns to hear the thwacks of the avenger, and baffled electors may thirst for the Parliamentary or official lives of the men who positively promised so much when they were candidates, and performed so exceedingly little when they had got what they sought. But there is one single consideration which ought to make the wise voter stay his hand. The members who gave the Reform pledges, and have since forgotten to redeem them, might have done something worse. They might have fulfilled them. Only fanatics hold that promise ought to be kept even against the will of the person at whose request it was made. The taunts and reproofs addressed by party journals to the members of the House of Commons or the Government who promised at the last elections to support a Reform Bill, are as unjust as it would be to abuse a debtor for not paying money which his creditor declined to receive. Mr. Lowe, in his address in 1859, said he had every confidence that the Reform carried by the Government would be "one which, if not fully satisfying men of extreme opinions, will be acceptable to the great body of the people." The prediction has been verified, though not in the sense in which Mr. Lowe intended. It is obvious that even in this, which is brought forward as Mr. Lowe's "pledge," the acceptability of a measure to the great body of the people is implied to be its chief recommendation. Public opinion underwent real or ostensible change, and it would surely have been the oddest possible way of redeeming a pledge to force on a measure which everybody had ceased to desire.

Not the least edifying in the list of "pledges" that has been compiled is that of Lord Westbury, then Sir Richard Bethell. As might be expected from the future official keeper of the Queen's conscience, this truly pious and holy person wishes that the aid of Divine Providence should be invoked in the construction of a Reform Bill. Peace and Reform, he told his constituents, were the words inscribed on the Ministerial banner—"words most dear to every thinking man, and for which every anxious honest man would offer up his prayers that it may be in the power of the Cabinet to accomplish." It is peculiarly gratifying to find a man in Lord Westbury's exalted position so sensible of the vanity of unassisted human effort, so keenly alive to the necessity of Divine blessing and counsel even in worldly politics, and so well aware of the efficacy of the prayers of the righteous. There is something almost touching in this fervent piety which party and professional struggles had not been able to extinguish, and in the sincerity of the injunction laid upon all anxious honest men to offer up their prayers. It is to be feared that even Lord Palmerston himself, in the days when the grateful Evangelicals hailed him as the Man of God, never reached his Chancellor's height of unaffected devoutness. Lord Westbury can only have regretted ever since 1859 that the prayers offered up by honest men for a Reform Bill have been so remarkably ineffectual. But, at any rate, it is pleasing to be reminded that the chief officer of State has shown his eagerness to conduct public business in a spirit of deep prayerfulness. Lord Westbury himself will not be a candidate at the approaching elections, but we shall derive some consolation from the reflection that he is probably anxiously and honestly offering up prayers that the election may be accomplished with purity and freedom from corruption. In strange contrast with the pious resignation and trust of the Chancellor is the Lord Advocate's unchastened confidence. "The great question of Parliamentary Reform," he said, with emphasis, "is plainly now on the eve of being settled, and it seems to me that the late discussions have made the path a very plain and easy one." In an orator who unites in himself the twofold merit of being at once a lawyer and a Scotchman, the want of caution in venturing on so downright and unflinching a prophecy is probably unrivaled. The best of men are liable to make mistakes, but politicians generally steer as clear as they can of any too well-defined prediction. Lord Westbury, for instance, left himself a very useful loophole, and he may fairly say that Reform fell through because anxious honest men did not offer up prayers enough. It is now nearly six years since Mr. Moncrieff was so positive that Reform would be instantly, plainly, and easily settled. It would be instructive to know whether he is still of the same opinion. He is probably not a less sensible man than most lawyers or Scotchmen, and at the moment he no doubt believed what he said. This ludicrous prediction only shows how thoroughly the most sensible people may sometimes deceive themselves. Even Lord Palmerston, the genial but astute diplomatist, old enough to be the father of most of the men with whom he has to deal, is at times apparently simple-minded enough to be the youngest of their sons. In a fit of factitious enthusiasm, he exclaimed that it was impossible either for the House or the Conservatives "to venture to affirm that there should be no reform in the representation of the people." The part could not have been better played. It was not till the faithful Massey came forward and rather clumsily let down the curtain that the spectators awoke to the fact that they had been looking on at a solemn farce. It seems not impossible that the farce which was so successful at the elections of 1859 may be revived again, by particular desire, at the elections of 1865. The sham swords and tinfoil shields may be raked up out of the candidates' electioneering wardrobes, and all the old business carefully rehearsed. This careful compilation of old Reform promises will save members the labour of fresh composition, and to many of them this labour is perhaps not inconsiderable. We may hear again the familiar warnings that

Reform is "absolutely necessary," "indispensably necessary," "on the eve of being settled," a thing for which "anxious honest men should offer up their prayers." But the force of such portentous expressions has vanished as their value has become better known, and the British public may reasonably cry out for something new and less meaningless.

#### THE INS AND OUTS OF AN ENGAGEMENT.

THE intelligent study of that portion of the Law Reports which is occupied with trials for breach of promise may well serve to bring home to the male intellect how weak a creature is man, even under the most favourable conditions. It may be safely assumed that a gentleman who has made up his mind to break off an engagement, without any particular ground for doing so, is not troubled with an over nice sense of honour or any morbid tenderness of conscience; and yet this immense advantage of freedom from those irritating restraints under which men of less philosophical temper are left to chafe seems, in a large number of cases, to be utterly useless to its possessor. He may be supposed, in this instance at least, to know his own mind, for, however easy it may be to drift into an engagement, it is anything but easy to drift out of one. He can survey the whole field of action at his leisure, choose the precise ground on which he will offer battle, and weigh with all imaginable forethought the various methods of picking a quarrel with his mistress. It might seem that, with all these advantages on his side, he could hardly fail of attaining the latter object. Even on the supposition, justified perhaps by the subsequent action, that the lady is determined to keep her prize at all hazards, he has still only to act in such a manner as to convince her that she may safely trifle with him, and her sportsmanlike taste for playing with the fish which she has so nearly landed may be trusted to do the rest. It is hardly likely that the intercourse of the lovers will not furnish at least one occasion on which she will offer a loophole through which he may wriggle out if he is so inclined. It is strange, indeed, if a woman's tongue will not give some opportunity for escape to a man who is anxious to take her at her word. But, from some cause or other, all these chances seem to come to nothing. The suitor is, it would appear, predestined to be the defendant in a breach of promise case, and he goes placidly to work to make his calling and election sure. Though his obvious policy would be to make the rejection seem the lady's work, he is for the most part studiously solicitous to establish that it is all his own. As often as not, he does the business by letter, as though to supply every possible link which can be wanted for the evidence against him; or, if he prefers to make the announcement in his own person, he has probably allowed his attentions to grow cool for some time beforehand, and thus given her warning that she is not to tempt success too far. The accumulated experience of so many trials is as useless to each new defendant as other people's movements reads for all the world as though he had taken each successive step by the advice of the plaintiff's attorney.

The retired Captain who appeared as defendant in the Queen's Bench on Monday formed no exception to the prevailing rule. The details of his courtship—which, as the engagement was not denied, must have been imported into the evidence simply for their own intrinsic interest—seem hardly worthy of the position which was thus assigned to them. They are related to us by an elder sister of the plaintiff's, who had evidently watched the growing passion of the interesting officer with an observant, and perhaps even an exaggerating, eye. Considering that Captain Clarke was connected by marriage with Miss Woodward, and that he had made her acquaintance in 1857, before he went to India, we do not see that much could be gathered from the fact that when he came to the house on the 30th of March, 1863, "they met as if they had seen each other before." His next visit was on the 9th of April, and on this occasion he "sat next to" the plaintiff, and "spoke but little to any one else"; but the significance of this symptom is lessened by the circumstance that he was accompanied by his sister and her three boys, so that it is at least conceivable that his remarks would have been wholly inaudible if they had been addressed to any one else than the person he sat next to. Two days later he came to stay for a night, and then he so far committed himself as to express a wish to be too late for the train—a weakness, however, which found no countenance from the lady's family, who were possibly a little bored by his devotion, for the witness adds, "And I think he would have been if we had not taken him to the station." We do not attach much importance to his leaving many things behind, for we have known that done by men whose hearts were still their own; but we can readily imagine that the two ladies thought differently, and did their best to extract the latent sentiment from a toothbrush, a collar, and an odd sock. At a subsequent interview, he read aloud his own verses, and took a brooch of Miss Woodward's to be repaired. Probably it was this unforeseen visit to the jeweller's which precipitated him into a declaration; at all events, we next hear that "he gave her the engaged ring," and assumed a recognized position in the family. On the day after the betrothal, the defendant commenced the series of letters which constitute the remainder of the case. The first of them is certainly a little cold, as the writer begins, "My dear Emily," and seems a good deal troubled that he has not asked her father's leave to correspond with her, which, in the case of a recognised engagement with a young lady of twenty-eight, will perhaps be regarded as a slightly unnecessary scruple. Her answer probably

reassured this over-sensitive conscience, for, in his next communication, "dear" is changed into "dearest." Three months of correspondence followed, but even the practised eye of Mr. Coleridge could find in its contents but little to lay before the jury. Perhaps the most passionate outburst is the following:—"I dreamed about you a few nights ago. I thought we were travelling together, but I have not a clear idea where." Whilst staying at Killarney, indeed, he rises almost into poetry:—"If your dear face had been here, I have no doubt we should have caught some salmon last week, for far from frightening them it would have been more likely they would have come up from their beds to see your fair countenance." The way in which he here weighs the merits of the lady's features, considered as bait, and pronounces on the superior probability of their having a favourable influence on the salmon—which, by the mention of "beds," he appears to confound with oysters—shows a highly judicial and reflective cast of mind.

From the 25th of August to the 9th of September Captain Clarke was silent, and on the latter day he entered upon the costly task of undoing the work of the summer. He did not take this step, however, until he had tried a "more delicate way of breaking the information" to Miss Woodward. Some time before, he had "explained everything to his mother, and asked for advice"; and the result of their conference was that he had tried to get "the plaintiff's uncle, who had married the defendant's sister," to take the trouble off his hands. "I have twice written to the Colonel and my sister, most minutely describing my feelings, and begging them to communicate them to your family." The Colonel, however, very naturally declined this agreeable mission, and Mrs. Clarke brought her woman's wit to bear, and wrote to the latter herself, not asking his intervention, but hoping that the natural pleasure of having disagreeable news to communicate would lead him to show the letter to the plaintiff's mother. But the Colonel was proof against this subtly-conceived temptation, and Captain Clarke was finally thrown on his own resources. It is not easy for a man to break off an engagement with either grace or dignity, but it could not possibly have been done with a more entire absence of either quality. He feels "that marriage is too serious a thing to be entered upon lightly," and handsomely confesses that he is "to be blamed for not taking thought more seriously about it before." And then he delicately insinuates that he was "so pleased with the reception he everywhere met with," that he hardly knew what he was about. Now, however, this universal favourite knows his own mind. He has often said that he fancied he should never marry, and "even mentioned the subject in one of his letters home from India." Of course, under these circumstances, he has every right to feel indignant that his proposal should have been taken as serious. His friends' advice "has been to wait a little and see"; but he feels that his sentiments are not likely to change, and that it is better "for the future happiness of both" to break off the engagement at once. To spare the plaintiff any jealous pang, he graciously adds, that "with the feelings he now has he doesn't think it likely he shall ever marry." When we say that this remarkable production begins "My dear Emily," and ends with a hope "that at some future day we may meet again with feelings of esteem and friendship," it will be obvious that though Captain Clarke's general education, judging from the style of his letters, has been a good deal neglected, he has attained considerable proficiency in the dialect of cant. In this latter respect, however, he has had the inestimable advantage of an accomplished mother. It is not every lady who would have enclosed a couple of hymns and a text of scripture in such a letter as Captain Clarke's. Certainly she paid religion an extremely handsome compliment when she supposed it could console a woman for the loss of such a lover as her son. Thus it may reasonably be supposed that all parties are satisfied. Miss Woodward has £2,000*l.* in damages, and her hymns; Captain Clarke has his liberty, and his reputation; his mother has the sense of theological satisfaction which usually accompanies the hope that somebody else's afflictions may be sanctified. If the general public derives anything from such a trial beyond a little mischievous amusement, it must surely be the conviction that this whole class of actions is a mistake. We do not deny, of course, that a man who, without any just cause, breaks off his engagement to a woman does her a very grave and serious injury, but it is not every kind of injury which is susceptible of legal redress, and it is contrary to all the maxims of public policy to do anything to further the unwilling fulfilment of such a contract as this. However mischievous may be the publicity which attends the proceedings in the Divorce Court, it may be hoped that it will at least accomplish one beneficial end. It may show men and women that the cup of human misery can never be perfectly filled up as long as the sufferers are single. Haste, and worldliness, and ignorance are always ready to contribute their quota to the number of unhappy marriages; but there is no need for the law to add another predisposing influence in the same direction, or to drive men into being bad husbands by making it penal for them to be faithless lovers.

#### THE LAW AND THE BETTING-AGENTS.

A RECENT decision of the Court of Common Pleas excited considerable surprise, and threatened to produce serious consequences in the betting-world. In the case of Doggett

v. Catterns it was in effect decided that betting at any habitual rendezvous was quite as illegal as keeping a betting-house, and that, instead of a qualified recognition of betting—which had been commonly supposed to be the purpose of the Gaming Act—Parliament had enacted a positive prohibition. This decision appeared contrary, not only to all ordinary notions of the object of the statute upon which it was based, but also to the obvious construction of the language of that statute, and therefore the result of an appeal was awaited with considerable confidence by the defendant and others engaged in the same kind of business. The case has now been argued on appeal before seven judges in the Exchequer Chamber, and those judges were unanimous in reversing the decision which had been given by two judges in the Court of Common Pleas.

The action was brought to recover back 5*l.* 10*s.* which had been deposited by the plaintiff with the defendant, who was a racing commission-agent and book-maker, and was in the habit of waiting near a tree in Hyde Park for the purpose of betting on horse-races. His custom was, on laying a bet, to receive as a deposit the amount for which the person taking the bet backed the horse. On October 20, 1863, about noon, the plaintiff met the defendant near the tree, and backed a horse called Flytrap with him for the Witham Handicap to be run at Lincoln. The defendant laid 3*l.* to 5*l.* 10*s.*, which latter sum was deposited with him by the plaintiff. A few hours before the bet was laid, Flytrap had been scratched for the race, and he did not run for it. The general rule is that, under such circumstances, the money is returnable; but among some of the betting men in London there is a rule that "all bets stand on the day of the race, scratched or not." This rule was pasted in the defendant's betting-book, and the plaintiff was aware of it. The jury having found a verdict for the defendant, leave was reserved for the plaintiff to move to set this verdict aside, and instead thereof to enter a verdict for him on the ground that he was entitled to recover back his money under the Betting-Houses Act; and when this point came before the Court of Common Pleas it was decided in the plaintiff's favour. The point arose upon section 5 of the Act (16 and 17 Vict. c. 119), which enacts that any money received "by any such person aforesaid," as a deposit on any bet, shall be deemed to have been received for the use of the person from whom the same was received, and such money may be recovered accordingly, with full costs of suit. The question to be determined was what was meant by the words "any such person aforesaid" in this section; and, in order to answer it, the Court referred to section 1, which enacts that no house, office, room, or other place shall be opened, kept, or used for the purpose of the owner, occupier, or keeper thereof, or any person using the same, betting with persons resorting thereto. It appears, therefore, that any person using "a house, office, room, or other place," for betting with those who may be called customers, would be a "person aforesaid" from whom a deposit might be recovered. Now Mr. Catterns used a tree in Hyde Park for the purpose of what was, in fact, his business—namely, betting with persons resorting thereto. And the Court of Common Pleas held that a tree was such a "place" as is contemplated by the Act, and, therefore, that the deposit paid to Mr. Catterns by the plaintiff might be recovered from him. The Exchequer Chamber held the contrary, and Chief Baron Pollock said that the decision of the Common Pleas was "supplemental legislation." When the Act in question was passed, the purpose of Parliament was to suppress betting-houses, but this decision would ascribe to Parliament the purpose to suppress betting. It was of great importance that the decision should be reversed, for, if it had remained, the members of Tattersall's could scarcely have expected to feel comfortable in their new room, since it certainly is their intention to "use a place" near Albert Gate, Hyde Park, for the purpose of betting. It may be that the members of Tattersall's do not often deal with people who will take the money of members if they win it and bring actions to recover their deposits when they happen to lose; for, if business had to be done upon this principle, a man would have to get up very early indeed in the morning, and be particularly wide awake when he was up, in order to make a living by it. But besides section 5 of the Act, which gives an action to recover back a deposit, there is section 3, which imposes a penalty not exceeding 100*l.* on any person "using a place" for the purpose mentioned in section 1, and it seems unquestionable that the decision of the Common Pleas would have made every member of Tattersall's liable to this penalty every time he went there.

The Games and Wagers Act of 1845 (8 and 9 Vict. c. 100) was passed after mature deliberation of Parliament, and the persons affected by it, or by the Betting-Houses Act of 1853, are certainly entitled to ask the Courts of Law to be as careful in applying these statutes as the Legislature was in framing them. It is not often that what may be called a hasty decision is given by the Superior Courts; but in the County Courts, where there is a pretty good crop of betting cases, some queer things are done by judges who appear to have sold off their law libraries in order to keep their minds free from the embarrassments of technical learning while engaged in the administration of simple and speedy justice. A case was tried before a County Court judge within the last three months in which the decision must rather conflict with the notions of those lawyers who possess a copy of the statutes, and are in the habit of referring to them. The defendant requested the plaintiff to back a horse for him for 5*l.* at York races. Afterwards he requested him to back another horse at the same

meeting for 2*l.* 10*s.* The plaintiff advanced the money for both bets, which appear to have been lost. The defendant did not pay after the events, but promised to send a cheque. But no cheque ever came, and the plaintiff brought his action to recover the amount paid by him on account of the defendant and at his request. But, when the case came before the County Court, the Judge said that "betting was illegal," and as the plaintiff had advanced money for an illegal purpose he could not recover, and must be nonsuited. This decision was entirely conformable to one kind of law—namely, that law of nature which ordains that memory shall in old age be strongest of that which was learned in youth. Betting was certainly illegal twenty or more years ago, when *qui tam* actions were brought for penalties under the old statutes against almost all the leading men upon the Turf; but the Act of 1845 was passed to repeal these statutes, and the new Act does not say that betting shall be illegal, but that "no suit shall be brought for recovering any sum of money alleged to be won upon any wager"—which is a very different thing. If you make a bet with A. and he loses but declines to pay, you cannot in a court of law compel him, for this section distinctly bars your action. But if you employ A. to make a bet on your account with B., and B. loses and pays A., who refuses to hand over the money, you can compel him; for the judicial construction of the above clause confines it to barring actions for the recovery from the party losing of money won upon a wager. But if you can recover from a betting-agent money received by him on your account, surely a betting-agent can recover from you money paid by him on your account. This would seem to be a view of the law likely to be entertained at Westminster Hall; but then it is to be observed that the Courts at Westminster, although not extravagantly convenient, do contain a complete set of Acts of Parliament, and judges who sit there have been known to refer to them.

However, the Exchequer Chamber has removed the principal legal grievance under which the betting-world was suffering, and there is now nothing to prevent anybody learning from a prophet, for a shilling, the name of "the certain winner of the Derby at 40 to 1," and going off to Hyde Park, or wherever else he thinks fit, to back him. Perhaps the most tempting thing of this kind now offered is "the Two Thousand and Derby double-event bet at 100 to 1." The weather for some weeks to come is likely to be unpropitious for open-air betting, but a man does not mind a little cold and damp when he knows that he is making a fortune. The acceptances for the great spring handicaps have been published, so that the discussion and speculation which were confined to the Two Thousand and the Derby are now dispersed over a much wider field. The French horse Dollar was complimented with the top-weight in four out of five handicaps, and he accepts for two of them. The three-year-old, Victorious, whose performances last year would have made him a strong favourite for the Derby if he had been entered, has received from the handicappers an emphatic testimonial of merit, for he got 7*s.* 10*lbs.* for the City and Suburban at Epsom, and 6*s.* 12*lbs.*, since raised to 7*s.*, for the Chester Cup, for which the weights are adjusted on a 7*lbs.* lower scale. Victorious has accepted for Chester, but declined for Epsom. Another three-year-old, Lion, was entered for the same two handicaps, and in both he received 10*lbs.* less than Victorious, so that we have here a concurrence of authority in measuring him which it cannot be very unsafe to follow. Now, The Duke, although he beat Lion at York, did not show himself 10*lbs.* better, and it may be doubted whether any handicapper would have weighted The Duke equally with Victorious. However, The Duke's admirers will not allow themselves to be disturbed by these arguments. But if the belief in The Duke's chance for the Derby is likely to be pretty much confined to his own stable, the chances of some of his companions for the Chester Cup are in no danger of being underestimated by the public. We shall probably see something like a rush to get on the three-four-year-olds, Ackworth, Redcap, and Lord Zetland. And if Victorious goes on improving he is likely to make the three-year-old division formidable for the same race. To judge from the advertisements of the past week, the betting-agents are preparing to open the season vigorously upon the Chester Cup and other handicaps. Indeed, some of them began to offer prices before the acceptances appeared. It may be useful to some of these gentlemen to be reminded that the Betting-Houses Act, although an attempt to overstrain its provisions has been defeated, is not the less capable of being very unpleasantly applied to cases which clearly fall within it. We cannot help thinking that a firm which adds to its advertisement, "established in 1862," is in some danger of having occasion to make the further announcement, "shut up in 1865."

## REVIEWS.

### THE MISCELLANEOUS WORKS OF CONYERS MIDDLETON.\*

FEW parts of our literature are better known by name, or less frequently read, than the books which contain the great moral and religious controversies of the eighteenth century. It is the habit of every successive champion of orthodoxy to repeat, with

\* *The Miscellaneous Works of the late Reverend and Learned Conyers Middleton, D.D.* 5 vols.

triumphant variations, the song of triumph which Burke sang, in his *Reflections on the French Revolution*, over the early Deists:—

We too have had writers of that description, who made some noise in their day. At present they repose in lasting oblivion. Who, born within the last forty years, has read one word of Collins, and Toland, and Tindal, and Chubb, and Morgan, and that whole race who called themselves Freethinkers? Who now reads Bolingbroke? Who ever read him through? Ask the booksellers of London what is become of these lights of the world? This is, no doubt, true to a great extent, though less true now than it was in 1790; but the questions ought to be carried further, if even justice is to be done. Who, born within the last forty years, has read those who answered the eighteenth-century Deists? The answers of the London booksellers to such questions would probably not be very favourable to these lights of the world. The truth is, that mere controversy must be ephemeral, however ably it is conducted. It is at best but pamphleteering. After a time, the soldiers on each side retreat, and leave the stage clear for a younger generation. The books which live are those which either rise to the height of real philosophy, like Hobbes and Butler; which add something to our knowledge of matters of fact, like Lardner or Gibbon; or which have the good fortune to answer some immediate practical purpose, as, for instance, by becoming University text-books, like Paley's *Evidences*.

It is, however, anything but true that the booksellers' test is the one by which the importance of controversy is to be measured. The controversies themselves, and the books in which they are embodied, by degrees die away and are forgotten, but their effects are permanent. They model the opinions and influence the conduct of thousands, nay of millions, who have never read a single word of them. It is easy to ask, with superb contempt, who reads Bolingbroke, and who ever read him through? The answer is, Voltaire read Bolingbroke. The French nation read Voltaire to some purpose for a good many years. The most orthodox of mankind read, at all events, Sir Archibald Alison's *History of the French Revolution*; the least orthodox read Strauss and Renan; and each party reads the Pope's Encyclical Letter, and the eighty-four propositions which it condemns. With facts like these before us, Burke's questions look less impressive than they did when he set the fashion of asking them. It is very true that, when we look into old controversies, we find discussion of the questions of our own time under rather different conditions, but it is equally true that this increases instead of diminishing their interest. Nothing can help us to understand the nineteenth century better than some familiarity with the writers of the eighteenth.

No writer, or hardly any writer, of that century attracted more attention in his time than Dr. Conyers Middleton. The names of his principal works are still sufficiently well known, though, with the exception of the *Life of Cicero*, they are probably little read; still no one who has a taste for controversy, and who takes up the *Free Inquiry* or the *Letter from Rome*, and their respective appendices, is likely to stop till he has read them through. They are for the most part excellently written, for, notwithstanding the reproaches which have often been bestowed upon him for flippancy and want of reverence, Middleton always wrote both like a gentleman and like a good man. He is certainly severe enough on his antagonists, but he never abuses, and hardly ever sneers at them. The severity of his style consists entirely in the quiet and easy way in which he meets his antagonists; and the flippancy with which he is often taxed will be found on examination to be nothing else than a quiet indifference to the rank and station of his opponent, or to the popularity of the opinions which he is attacking. Altogether his style is a model of well-bred, educated criticism. He says just what he means, no more and no less. He never gets in a passion, and hardly ever goes even the length of irony. Still, such is the clearness and neatness of his style that the mere statement of his opinions and the grounds on which he held them is incomparably more effective than the vehemence of such a writer as Warburton, and even than the rather affected irony of Berkeley.

Good as is Middleton's style, the position which he held in English literature and the substance of his principal controversial works are more important. The present generation has almost forgotten, in its ignorant alarm at a few contemporary writers, how strong a current of what in the present day would be called liberalism ran through the ecclesiastical literature of England for more than two centuries, from the days of Hooker to those of Bishop Horsley. Indeed, for obvious reasons, we are not so familiar as we might be with the fact that theologians were for a great length of time the most prominent of English literary men, and that during a considerable part of its history the Church might, without presumption, claim the position of the intellectual teacher of the nation at large. This growth and progress of religious liberalism in the Church of England would be an excellent subject for a book. Such a work would begin by showing how—as against the claims of the Pope to infallibility, and the claim of the Calvinists to make the letter of the Bible a guide in every action of life, to the exclusion of every other source of knowledge—Hooker was led to ascribe to reason much higher functions and greater importance than were conceded to it by either of his antagonists. This would lead to a consideration of the divines of Charles I.'s time, in whose writings there may be traced a sympathetic antipathy to liberalism, not unlike that which is to be seen in the present day, though of course the form in which it appears is different. Their theories led them to attach extreme importance

to the doctrines of the early Church, and their tone of mind led some of them—Laud for instance, and, to some extent, Jeremy Taylor—to sympathize with the ascetic and mortified view of life. On the other hand, the study of antiquity implied reasoning and criticism, and the nature of the case excluded appeals to any specific embodiment of infallibility. Hence, in the literature and history of that time there may be found, on the one hand, what we should consider bigoted and superstitious views of human life in general, and, on the other, passages of a speculative kind, pointing to the theories of our own time. Laud, for instance, is praised by Clarendon for the zeal with which he upheld Church discipline. “ Persons of honour and great quality were every day cited into the High Commission Court upon the fame of their incontinence, and were there prosecuted, to their shame as well as punishment.” Laud “ intended the discipline of the Church should be felt as well as spoken of.” Yet Laud was the patron and friend of Hales and Chillingworth, and they were the first maintainers of the cardinal doctrine of all religious liberalism—that error is not in itself of the nature of sin. Hammond, again, was one of the most saintly of men, yet his paraphrase of the New Testament contains passages precisely similar to those which are considered so shocking in our own days. For instance, his explanation of the miracle of the Pool of Bethesda is rationalizing in the highest degree. The pool itself, he considers, was the receptacle of the oil and drainage from the Temple sacrifices; and the angel who troubled the water was, in his view, a sort of beadle occasionally sent to stir it up, so that the sick who were in attendance might get the full benefit of the savoury fluid. Of Jeremy Taylor it is enough to say that he was the author both of the *Holy Living and Dying* and of the *Liberty of Prophecy*; and there are passages in Baxter which prove that, in his case at all events, there was no opposition between the most intensely devotional spirit and a vigour of criticism which condemned in express terms the morality of important parts of the Old Testament.

Towards the beginning of the eighteenth century a more cheerful view of life in general, and a less ascetic theory of morals, may be traced in a considerable number of our most eminent divines. Tillotson is perhaps the leading figure in this new generation, but, as every one knows, he did not stand alone. From Tillotson the inquiry which we have suggested would pass (mentioning only the principal names) through Berkeley, Warburton, Middleton, Paley, Hey, and Horsley, nor would there be any difficulty in carrying it on to our own times. The common characteristics of this school, gradually but surely developed, are in the main three. First, a belief that natural religion is the foundation on which revelation must rest, and which is presupposed by it; secondly, a constantly increasing confidence in the use of the critical faculty; and, thirdly, a growing belief in what may be called the human theory of morals—the theory, that is, that morality rests upon a base of its own, and is antecedent to and independent of revelation. The application of this last principle both to politics and to common life is the very essence of modern liberalism, and, if the Pope had wished to sum up in a few lines all the eighty-four propositions which his syllabus has condemned, he would probably have singled it out as the net result of all modern heresy.

The place which Middleton occupies in this long progress is a remarkable one for several reasons, and especially because some of the controversies of our own day have invested with a fresh interest the particular points to which his attention was specially directed. His *Letter from Rome*, which went through several editions in his lifetime, was first published in 1729; and his *Free Inquiry into the Miraculous Powers which are supposed to have existed in the Christian Church from the Earliest Ages, through several successive Centuries*, was first published at the end of 1748. One circumstance which is calculated to surprise the reader in each of these works is the tone in which they are written. We are generally accustomed in the present day to look upon the early part of the eighteenth century—the interval between the silencing of Convocation and the rise of Methodism—as the most irreligious part of our history, and in particular we are very apt to suppose that the controversy between Protestants and Roman Catholics had almost entirely gone to sleep. So far is this from being the case that Middleton, in his *Introductory Discourse to the Free Inquiry*, says—“ I found myself particularly excited to this task by what I had occasionally observed and heard of the late growth of Popery in this Kingdom, and the great number of Popish books which have been printed and published amongst us within these few years.” It is perhaps still more singular to find him frequently referring to the use which the Papists made of the argument that miracles were worked in attestation of their doctrines, and of no others, and to the effect of that argument on the minds of ordinary Protestants. He describes it as the popular argument in the controversies of the day. The great object of his writings is to oppose and overthrow it, and the method which he takes is sufficiently well known. The *Letter from Rome* contains an elaborate and most curious parallel between Popish and heathen practices and miracles. He shows how the incense, the holy water, the image-worship, the festivals, the processions, the shrines, and the local deities or saints of the two systems resemble each other in details, which are at times surprisingly minute and characteristic, and he gives from the classics exact parallels for all the most striking Popish miracles. They certainly do repeat each other with wonderful minuteness. For instance, the images in the churches alleged to have been brought from heaven by angels are just like the image of Diana of the Ephesians; the weeping Madonnas match the weeping statue of Apollo mentioned in Livy; and the

blood of Januarius is the legitimate successor of the frankincense which Horace saw at Gnatia on the road to Brundusium:—

Gnatia lymphis  
Iratis exstructa dedit risusque jocosque,  
Dum flammā sine thura liquecere limine sacro  
Persuadere cupit.

The parallel is so managed as never to fatigue the reader, and is admirably ingenious throughout.

The *Free Inquiry* is a criticism of the various miracles which are supposed to have occurred in the early Christian Church. Middleton argues very shortly, but in a very powerful manner, that—unless they rest, as most of them do, on remote hearsay evidence—they are merely exaggerated accounts of natural events; that the witnesses who attest them were grossly ignorant and credulous, and in some instances positively dishonest; in short, that, tried by the ordinary rules of evidence, they are altogether unworthy of credit. The most curious thing about the book is that this was considered at that time as a dreadful and impious paradox, though in the present day there is probably no Protestant writer who thinks himself in the least degree concerned to defend the authority of these accounts, and though the defence set up for them by such a writer as Dr. Newman implies an admission that the evidence on which they rest is altogether unsatisfactory, except to minds predisposed to believe them.

The interest of these books in our day lies in their relation to the controversies which excite so much attention amongst ourselves. Spirit-rapping, the Brothers Davenport, Mr. Home, and Dr. Newman's *Apologia* have given to Middleton's inquiries a degree of interest which did not attach to them some years ago. It is worth while to describe the true state of the controversy. The great argument against Middleton always was that he could not draw the line between the miracles of apostolic times and those of succeeding ages. In his *Book of the Roman Catholic Church*, Mr. Charles Butler said that the Roman Catholics viewed the controversy with satisfaction, because Middleton's antagonists could not answer his challenge to show a time at which miracles had stopped; whereas Middleton could not answer their challenge to draw a line between the Apostles and the Fathers. Hence they inferred that Dr. Middleton and his critics proved, between them, either that the miracles of all ages must be believed, or that the miracles of the Gospels could not be believed.

This is precisely the same way of arguing as is used by their successors in the present day. It is the favourite argument, for instance, of Dr. Newman. Middleton's tracts are valuable as suggesting, though they do not state as clearly as might be desirable, two separate answers to it, each of which is conclusive. The first answer is, that accounts of miracles, like all other historical statements, must be believed or not upon evidence. Destroy the weight of the evidence, and you destroy the belief. When, therefore, in answer to arguments destroying the weight of the evidence for the removal of the Holy House of Loretto, it is said that the evidence of the Christian miracles is no better, this is an argument against the Christian miracles, and can be good only in the mouth of those who do not believe them, or (which is much the same) are determined to believe them, whether true or not. The more the popular dilemma is examined, the more clearly will it appear that this is its true character. If the Christian miracles are true, if they really did occur as stated in the Gospels, the argument loses all its force. In that case the arguments of Lardner and Paley will prevail over those of Strauss and Renan. If, on the other hand, those who rely upon the dilemma in question are right in thinking that all the argument and all the evidence is against the truth of the Gospel history—if upon examination of all the antecedent probabilities of the case, and of all the positive subsequent testimony, it appears that there is no more reason to believe in the Resurrection than there is to believe in the House of Loretto—why should we believe in the Resurrection? Once grasp the principle that the supposition that a creed is true is the only conceivable ground upon which any reasonable person can believe in it, and all attempts to put Popish and Christian miracles on the same ground appear at once in their true character. They are nothing but attacks on the Christian miracles. Suppose a man had his whole fortune in his pocket in the shape of a bundle of bank-notes, and discovered several of them to be forged, what should we think of a judicious friend who advised him to pass them all and ask no questions, inasmuch as they were all struck from one die? If such stories are to be believed, the important thing to prove is that they are true, and not that they are mixed up with other opinions which those who attack them believe to be true. Before a man can have a right to urge the dilemmas which Butler proposes, he must entitle himself to do so by affirming on his own account, and as the expression of his own opinion, that the truth of the Gospel history is opposed to the strongest antecedent probability; that it is attested only by hearsay evidence given by witnesses who had a strong motive for making the statements of which it is composed, and a natural predisposition to believe or invent marvellous stories; and that the miracles themselves are mere wonders, like conjurors' tricks, neither calculated to produce, nor in point of fact productive of, any important or permanent effects, and indistinguishable from many others admitted to be forgeries. For it is upon these grounds that Middleton and other Protestants deny the truth of ecclesiastical miracles in general. A man who, having made all these admissions about the Christian miracles, nevertheless professes to believe them, would certainly be consistent in believing the Popish miracles as well; but, unless he

makes these admissions, he is always open to the observation that, on his principles, the fact that there may be evidence enough to prove the occurrence of an extraordinary event proves that there are no tests by which we can estimate the probability of any event whatever.

Middleton's arguments, however, suggest a second answer to the dilemma in question, which leads, by a somewhat different road, to precisely the same result. There can be no sort of doubt, and it is not even denied by any advocate of ecclesiastical miracles, that there are numerous accounts of miracles, elsewhere than in the Romish Church, which rest on evidence at least as good as those of any saint in the calendar. To say nothing of Greek saints, the best attested of all miracles in modern times are those which were worked at the tomb of the Abbé Paris, the Jansenist. These miracles were worked in direct opposition to the Bull Unigenitus, and in support of the last great heresy over which, as Dr. Newman tells us, the Church of Rome has triumphed. This, however, is only a single instance. It is common ecclesiastical learning that heretics at times work miracles, and even pagans. Fleury, for instance, with perfect confidence, tells the following story about Simon Magus in his controversy with St. Peter:—"Simon likewise promised to fly and ascend the skies which he effectually did, being carried up by evil spirits; but St. Peter and St. Paul, kneeling, prayed together, and invoked the name of Jesus, which having terrified the devils, they abandoned Simon, who fell down to the ground, and remained stretched out with his legs broken. He then was carried away to another place, where, not being able to endure his pains, nor the shame he felt, he cast himself down a precipice"—which, by the way, implies a third miracle, as his legs were broken; unless, indeed, he waited till he got well, and then threw himself down because of the past pain. To say nothing of the prodigies in Livy and other ancient writers, look at our own times. The feats of Mr. Home and the Brothers Davenport are far better authenticated than those of the great mass of saints. Indeed, any one who has an appetite for such things may find in Mr. Howitt's *History of the Supernatural* any quantity of miracles in all ages and countries, and worked by men of all sorts of religions, and of no religion at all, all of which are authenticated in much the same sort of way. Those, therefore, who called upon Middleton to draw the line between the Gospel miracles and those of the early Fathers, might themselves be asked, with equal justice, to draw the line between the blood of Janarius and the Brothers Davenport. To do them justice, they do not shrink from the task, and answer much to the purpose. A few weeks ago a leading Roman Catholic newspaper gave an account of the Davenport Brothers, and expressed an opinion that the things done were miracles wrought by the Devil. This, indeed, is the answer always given in such cases. "Miracles are worked in our Church—believe, therefore, that ours is the true Church." "Yes; but they are worked in all sorts of other bodies." "True; but the Devil works them." "Why does the Devil work these miracles more than yours?" "Because ours is the true Church." "And why is yours the true Church?" "Because miracles are worked in it." It is obvious from this that a test of truth independent of miracles must be found, unless we are content to go on trundling this circular argument indefinitely.

It seems almost absurd, in this age of the world, to draw attention to arguments so old and so plain; but any one who considers the way in which people who never think conscientiously or laboriously, but only by little bits, talk about great moral and religious problems, will understand the necessity for going over again in a popular form what is really a very old story. To speak the language of old-fashioned sermons, there are two descriptions of persons who infest society in the present day, and whose fallacies it is eminently desirable to expose as far as possible. There is the clever, ignorant, flashy kind of man who, without any depth of character, hovers about between being an Atheist and being a Papist, with no real belief at all in his mind, but with a great appetite for the pleasures which are to be had in each character. On the one hand, such a man finds it easy, in virtue of his atheistical proclivities, to sympathize to the greatest possible extent with all speculations of an unorthodox kind. He has not the least objection to know all about them, to canvass them, rather to patronize and favour them, and to admit with charming simplicity and candour that, as against the world at large, and ordinary Englishmen in particular, they are altogether unanswerable. On the other hand, in his sentimental moments—for instance, if he is talking to a woman—he can always fall back upon his other order of ideas, and expatiate on faith and on the divine majesty and beauty of the Church—"Vera incessu patuit Dea." This practice of hunting with the hounds of reason and running with the hare of faith is becoming very common, and is in reality a thin disguise for the most dishonest of all forms of scepticism—a form more dishonest than downright conscious lying, because a man who lies consciously at least tells himself that he does lie, and has therefore a notion in his own mind as to what the truth is; whereas the habit in question is really nothing else than a radical disbelief in truth itself—an unconscious poisoning of the very sources of truth.

Another form of the same disease is what may be described as its pathetic variety. This occurs in people who really do feel what the other class only pretend to feel. Instead of hovering between Atheism and Popery, they fly for refuge to Popery from Atheism, and hug its chains to their very hearts, not because they really believe it to be true, but because they think that a desperate determination to do so is their best chance of not being compelled to believe Atheism. This is just as dishonest a frame of mind as

the other, and for the same reason. Indeed, the only difference between the two is a difference of temperament. It is surprising to see how popular these ways of viewing religion are becoming. It is, indeed, very unlikely that they will ever prevail widely amongst a really honest, laborious, and strong-minded people; but there can be no doubt that many weak-spirited women and female men will fall a prey to the one temptation, and many careless, ignorant, noisy men—who happen, as such men often have, to have a soft place about them—to the other. If experience had not put the fact beyond all possibility of doubt, it might have seemed surprising that mankind should yet have to learn that the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, is the one thing needful to be believed; and that, of all pestilent inventions, none is more deadly and soul-destroying than a contrivance for enabling men to believe a thing whether it is true or not. Few errors are so injurious that it would not be better to hold them in good faith, and because they were honestly believed to be true, than to hold even the most important truths upon any other terms. It is sad how much theology in our days, whether Protestant or Popish, holds out to its disciples this great inducement:—Come to me, all ye that are weary of doubt, and I will give you security that, if your creed is false, you shall be the last to discover it.

#### THORVALDSEN.\*

THOUGH we do not doubt that Mr. Barnard has, as he terms it, "collated" (which is apparently short for "translated and condensed") his Danish original with care, a more unsatisfactory piece of biography than this we have seldom met with. Brief as the process of "collation" has made the book, it consists in the main of anecdotes without spirit and facts without interest, of details of commissions given to the artist, or of the triumphal journeys which he performed across Europe. We do not suppose that this is the fault of either author or translator; for the man, as he is painted with a naïveté almost rising to humour by Herr Thiele, exhibits at every turn a mean, money-loving, and licentious character. He is represented as unfaithful to his mistresses, and, we may add, enviously hostile to his professional rivals; whilst throughout the volume, from the first page to the last, not one solitary trace of intellect or feeling for art is recorded about him. For all this, we repeat, neither Herr Thiele nor Mr. Barnard is responsible. Of such materials does this "Son of God," as an Italian poetess called him, appear to have been made. But the reader may with more justice complain that, beyond a few vague words here and there, he can find no attempt to characterize Thorvaldsen's genius or place in sculpture, and only a bare description of a few of his works, from which some of the greatest celebrity are well nigh omitted. We may confess at once that we have long admired Thorvaldsen the sculptor little more than we are now able to admire Thorvaldsen the man; but it is rather hard that he should have met with this treatment at the hand of an idolizing biographer.

Thorvaldsen was born in 1770, the son of a ship's figure-head carver, whose skill may be judged from the fact that his best efforts to hew out a lion's head invariably ended in a poodle's. Addicted to what, in Hamlet's time, was the national vice of drinking, he gave his son scarcely any education, except in the technical portion of his art—a circumstance which must be remembered in our estimate of his works. The young Thorvaldsen was simply sent to the Art School of Copenhagen, where he gradually worked his way from the sketching to the modelling-class, and from the "small" to the "great" gold medal in 1793; in 1796 obtaining a three-years' travelling studentship, on the strength of which he sailed for Rome. A few essays in modelling are noticed during this long period, but they only took a portion of his time, as he also painted portraits (of what quality we are not informed), and made looking-glass frames. We further learn that he was gloomy in temper, "could not understand how a grown-up person can laugh," and was fond of music, smoking, drink, and pet dogs, "who occasionally won a share in his immortality." This elevated lot, whatever it may be, seems to have been best deserved by Thorvaldsen's prime favourite *Primong*, who had the notable trick of smelling out a creditor in the streets, and biting his legs—by way, we suppose, of a "refresher."

Reaching Rome in 1797, his first friend was the learned anti-quarian Zoega, who probably fixed him in that direction towards the pseudo-antique in sculpture which he rarely quitted, and then only with infelicitous results. Thorvaldsen hired the studio where Flaxman had lived in high-spirited poverty. Of Thorvaldsen's own studies in Rome we are told nothing; but we learn instead how he speedily forgot his vows to a fair Margaretha whom he had left in Denmark, and fell in love with Zoega's housemaid. Marriage, in the good old times of Italy, was a convenient screen for such an "unfortunate connexion." The maid married accordingly, but the husband, by bad luck, proving refractory, was ungallant enough to resent the great Dane's continued attentions, and soon left Anna Maria on his hands. The history is henceforth silent as to the unworthy *beccajo*, who, we presume, forfeited his share in Thorvaldsen's immortality; but we are often indulged with glimpses of the quondam housemaid, and hear much more than enough of her anger when Thorvaldsen deserted her for another dame.

\* *The Life of Thorvaldsen*. Collated from the Danish of J. M. Thiele. By the Rev. M. R. Barnard, B.A. London: Chapman & Hall. 1865.

Years after these mistresses have disappeared from view, we are told how Thorvaldsen gained and threw away the affections of a Scotch lady of high birth, in order to pursue another licentious amour—how nobly she endured a sorrow which she never forgot, and forgave his cold and callous baseness as only such a woman could—all this being detailed with a blunt indifference to the feelings of the living which an English editor, we think, would have done better to modify.

Not more satisfactory is Thorvaldsen's attitude towards his contemporaries. Compare the disparaging remarks on Canova reported in this volume with the warm support which he received from that truly generous-hearted sculptor. A young artist from the North, named Kessels, excited Thorvaldsen's jealousy, and he is reported so to have contrived that the unlucky rival never obtained any success, and died in utter neglect. But the "Discobolus" which Kessels left, and which was exhibited in England in 1862, was much superior to the works of his depreciator. We give this anecdote on the authority of an eminent English sculptor, lately resident in Rome.

Herr Thiele—who has, it must be allowed, a hard task of it with his odious hero-labours with more zeal than success to disprove the belief that Thorvaldsen was mean and miserly about money. It is unfortunate for the biographer's theory that no sooner did Thorvaldsen begin to succeed at Rome than we find him sanctioning the removal of his father to an asylum "for aged and decayed people," whence the old man addressed his son in a letter pathetic enough to move a statue, but which seems to have produced no effect whatever on the illustrious sculptor. The excuses given for this piece of shabbiness are simply puerile. But, to leave the man, and turn to the artist, we are in justice bound to add that the subsequent feats of Thorvaldsen are recorded ingenuously enough. How he cunningly substituted a figure of Esculapius for one of Truth (which he found himself unable to design), (p. 81); how he managed to "do" the Danish Government with a duplicate when they fancied it was an original (p. 109); how he broke his word (which the biographer calmly surmises he never meant to keep) to the Crown Prince (p. 90); how he bundled a sick child out of doors because the coward thought she had the cholera (p. 185)—all these anecdotes, which are in perfect artistic keeping with the rest of the man's character, Herr Thiele recounts with an impulsive naïveté which will divert the wicked, and stagger the devoutest hero-worshipper in Great Britain.

A sculptor's heart and head are reflected in his works—we should rather say, are his works—just as much as a poet's. So far as he is an imitator, his works repeat his education; so far as he is an artist, they reproduce his nature. What sort of art, then, shall we obtain from such a character and training as Thorvaldsen's? Exactly what that character and training would naturally generate in the circumstances of European civilization sixty years since. Utterly uncultivated when he reached Rome at twenty-seven, and with mind—at least according to the evidence of his biography—ennobled by no high thought, capable of no vivid insight, but keenly alive to the value of money and of good society, he instinctively turned the undoubted faculty for modelling which he possessed, and the elaborate training in technicalities which had been his only education, to the service of the pseudo-antique school, which was at that time the leading idea of the patronizing classes. On the fallacy of putting on this Greco-Roman disguise, and endeavouring to galvanize the Pantheon of an extinct world, we shall not here enlarge. Even the genius of Flaxman—the most inventive, the most graceful, and the most tender among the sculptors of modern Europe, a scholar, a gentleman, and a Christian—was unequal to the hopeless task. How, then, should a man in most respects Flaxman's direct antithesis succeed? Thorvaldsen did not even bring to his attempt veneration for the ancient art; for he grumbled at the honourable work of restoring the marbles of Egina as "a thankless task" (p. 92). He did not bring belief, for, when accepting a commission for a Scripture series, he treated his scepticism in Christianity as no hindrance, answering his wiser friends with "Neither do I believe in the gods of the Greeks, and yet for all that I can represent them" (p. 140). In diametrical opposition to the "connoisseurs who hailed him as the regenerator of the long-lost antique world"—as Mr. Barnard expresses it—we hold that a calm examination of Thorvaldsen's once celebrated designs, and a comparison between them and the real antique, will produce simply the impression that what he has left is generally a dead, second-hand series of imitations. Here and there, as in the "Ganymede," or the "Mercury," he has grasped a really new-looking and graceful motive. But take his "Venus," his "Graces," his relief of the Muses, or those from the Iliad, with many more, and we find one character unmistakably stamped upon them. They want freshness. They are Lemprière at second-hand. Turn from the huge volume of engravings after Thorvaldsen even to the Pompeian frescoes—turn to any collection of ancient gems—and we feel at once the gulf which separates the living and the dead, while we are surprised that the modern imitator could not avail himself more skilfully of such inexhaustible materials. As for the greater Hellenic sculpture, such as we see it in our Museum, a comparison between him and his originals would be like one between Milton and Robert Montgomery. Yet this is the sculptor whom Prince Louis of Bavaria addressed as the inheritor of the art of Phidias:—

Phidias hohe Kunst ist Dir verliehen!

It is bad enough when poets flatter kings, as Goethe flattered this same Crown Prince; but what shall we say of a royal flatterer?

The preceding criticisms have been founded on acquaintance with engravings and with works which are not generally accessible. We will now take some more familiar examples. Three of Thorvaldsen's most celebrated statues were conspicuously placed in the International Exhibition of 1862. Another is in the College Library at Trinity, and has been well engraved in the "Traveller's Edition" of Lord Byron. Thorvaldsen, it must be remarked, in common with many inferior artists of his class, was almost unskilled in touching the marble, and may hence be presumed (for on this, as on all other details of his practice, the Life is almost silent) to have relied in the main upon the unsound carvers in whom Italy is fertile. Hence, part of the defects perceptible in the portrait-statue exhibited at South Kensington may be, perhaps, attributed to the incompetence of his assistant. It was slovenly in execution (like his monument to Raffaelle in the Pantheon), almost to rudeness; but the general design was also unsatisfactory, being deficient in style and dignity; whilst a portrait of Thorvaldsen, also exhibited, enabled one to see that the likeness was poor and unlikeness. The "Jason" was a better work. It might, indeed, have been the figure of any Greek warrior, and the drapery was conventional; in movement, however, and in the modelling of the forms, it was probably the best on the whole, as it was the first, of the sculptor's "regenerations" of the antique. Yet even here he had been unable to avoid the absurdity of representing a warrior going to battle with nothing but a helmet to cover his nakedness! The "Mercury"—which in rendering of form, and in a finished, though mechanical, execution, was popularly ranked highest in the Exhibition—failed precisely at the point which always parts genius from commonplace. Mercury is drawing the dagger which is to slay the monster Argus. His own life depends on his being able to do this at once silently and with lightning speed. Every one will see that to do this the weapon must be grasped with the utmost strength. But Thorvaldsen has put the hand that draws the dagger into a curve of graceful languor; there is no force or wrench, only stealthiness, in the wrist. This shows that he failed to conceive his subject in its central point—an unerring test of a second-rate ability, which can combine but cannot create. It is noticed in the "Life," that Byron was dissatisfied with Thorvaldsen's bust. This will not surprise those who have seen the life-size statue in Trinity Library. The face and air are those of a sentimental shepherd-boy, and as remote as possible from the fiery force and passionate irregularity of the great poet, familiar to us through so many portraits. The features are tame and chill; the dress conventional; it is a sort of impersonation of an "Hour of Idleness," though Byron, even as a schoolboy, could never have looked such a spooney. Note also that Thorvaldsen has had the bad taste to place below the feet a fragment of a column, which he has realized more thoroughly than the figure or the flesh; thus inverting the fundamental law of sculpture, always observed in Hellenic art, which requires subordinate features to be also treated in subordination. Here, again, is an unerring evidence of the commonplace artist.

We have already noticed the spirit in which the "grosser Dünne" undertook a large series of Christian subjects for a church in Copenhagen. Where he has repeated in relief the designs of Italian painters, the effect is pleasing; Thorvaldsen's skill in modelling having saved him from the unsupervise blunders into which the school of our Claxtons and Bells perpetually fall. In the rest we can rarely find grace or character. One or two groups in the pediment representing the "Preaching of St. John the Baptist" are pleasing, though the composition lacks unity, and would be taken at first sight for a series of accidentally juxtaposed figures. Thorvaldsen, in this sphere, had not the antique to imitate, and betrays poverty of invention and absence of imaginative insight at every turn. The Apostles are pompous imitators; the Redeemer's figure is dull and pretentious. Of Christian sentiment there is what might be expected from the artist's creed and practice.

Thorvaldsen's Life has been now unveiled by an ill-advised idolator, and the sketch above drawn from these (we presume) authentic memorials is not open to question. But we have no doubt that the estimate given here of his genius as a sculptor will seem heretical to readers trained in the Roman traditions of forty years ago. Such traditions do not accept the trial of a reference to truth and nature, but repose securely on the ground of authority or of the ideal, where they are impregnable to the attacks of the sceptic. It may, however, be well to remind those who, in regard to this latest of the celebrated pseudo-antique revivalists, still retain the classical creed, of the singularly uniform fate which has attended those reputations in art which have rested on the verdict of Roman dilettantism or of fashionable connoisseurship. Without overpassing the last century, Bernini, Battoni, Raphael Mengs, Canova, Turnerelli, Chantrey, and David, are names that, in 1865, represent little more than collapsed or inexplicable celebrities. Sculpture has been peculiarly fertile in this charlatan glory, in the tinsel crowns of a so-called European reputation. And Thorvaldsen is not the single instance in which plausible manners and adroitness in conciliating the good-natured members of high society have made the fortune of a worthless man and an indifferent artist.

## DR. VOGT'S LECTURES ON MAN.\*

THE Council of the Anthropological Society of London have at length done something towards realizing the character which they had, as a body laying claim to literary and philosophical position, failed to establish by their first publications. The translation by their President, Dr. James Hunt, of Dr. Carl Vogt's *Lectures on Man*, has been executed with an amount of accuracy and clearness which not only shows an exact acquaintance with the language of the original, but a thorough knowledge of the scientific problems treated of therein. There is a degree of smoothness and even of elegance in the translator's style which makes it read throughout almost like an original composition. It is no small adjunct to the reputation of a foreign writer to have his labours introduced to the notice of the English public in so faithful and attractive a shape. Although popular in their style of treatment, these lectures have done much to confirm for their author the high scientific prestige which his numerous works of a more technical kind had previously secured for him both in his own country and in Switzerland, where his strongly expressed political opinions had led him to find a home and a centre of scientific teaching in the freer atmosphere of the Republic. Dr. Carl Vogt has long enjoyed in Germany a distinguished reputation as a naturalist, and as an independent, indeed a daring, thinker; and the position he takes up in the present volume is probably too far in advance of the prevalent state of opinion here to secure for his speculations more than a partial and hesitating acceptance at the hands of English readers in general. It is not intended to identify the Society by whom the work is put forth in an English dress with the entire body of opinions avowed by the writer. Nor is it put forward as, in the strict sense, a text-book upon its own subject. It is sufficient to regard it as a collection of valuable and interesting facts, treated, on the whole, with a mastery of detail and a comprehensiveness of grasp which cannot but contrast favourably with any work of a similar nature that has hitherto appeared in this country.

In laying down the basis of that method of classification which must form the starting-point in every system of anthropology, Dr. Vogt dwells with force upon the almost insuperable difficulty that exists in securing a fixed standard of comparison. Not only is there endless complexity from the contrast of numberless races of mankind one with another, but there is infinite trouble in fixing upon the normal type in the case of each individual race. Take, for instance, the skull as the one subject of investigation, and suppose that we take the German skull as a standard for measurement and comparison. Where is the guarantee that a given skull, which every German naturalist may declare to be a well-formed German skull, belonged to one of pure German blood? Where is the spot on German soil where there has not been, or at least may not have been, an intermixture of the most various races? "Have not, from the most remote times, Asiatic and European peoples chosen Germany as their battle-field? And as Venus always accompanies Mars, have they not left their traces in the blood of their descendants?" And, independently of these invasions, are there not many districts in Germany where for centuries different tribes dwelt side by side, until both became fused, or the weaker were absorbed in the stronger? Where, then, in that historical or geographical intermixture now called Germany, is the spot where we may find the genuine, unmixed, pure German square head—the *tête carrée*, as the French call it? So, too, with every nation on the face of the globe. "Traditions, historical fact, physical peculiarities, point to extensive migrations and commixtures, which either affect the purity of the original stock, or perhaps give rise to what may pass for a new race." And how are we to get out of this maze? Something, indeed, may be done as regards a particular direction of inquiry, in civilized countries, towards determining a veritable national type by the application of the principle of statistics. But how to apply this method on any proportionate scale offers at present an insuperable difficulty. A ready means of investigation exists, to some extent, where the practice of conscription is in force. We can thus determine the average stature of the males of twenty-one years of age in certain countries. It is from the recruiting tables of France that one of the most ingenious writers on the Natural History of Man, Dr. Paul Broca, has deduced the distribution of the large-sized *Kinri* or Gaels, and the small-sized Celts in France, and indicated the districts where these tribes had preserved their purity, and where they have become intermixed. But how little does so infinitesimal an amount of fact avail towards the determination of radical distinctions of organization and development! Even granting the "average man" of Europe to have been determined by M. Quetelet, to how few points, saving that of mere stature or external proportion, is this standard capable of being applied; and amidst the endless variations due to sex, climate, dwelling-place, alimentation, and occupation, how can we pretend to exhaust the conditions within which a single race may be found capable of manifesting itself? More has probably been done to collect in a really scientific way the statistical details relating to savage tribes abroad than we have seen effected in the case of any of our civilized populations at home. Of course the simpler the conditions of life, as in the savage state, the simpler and easier is the problem. Thus Burmeister applied the method of tabular measurement, to a limited extent, to the negroes of Brazil; Drs.

Scherzer and Schwartz, on a large scale, during the voyage of the *Novara*; and the brothers Schlaggenweit, if their report is to be implicitly received, in India. But even by this very test we see how difficult it is exhaustively to measure a living man. On looking at the systematic scheme made use of by Scherzer and Schwartz, and here extracted by Dr. Vogt, we find that it takes several hours to note in the register the seventy-eight data required.

First are noted the age, name, and sex of the individual, the colour and structure of the hair, the growth of the beard, the colour of the eyes, the number of pulsations, and the strength by means of Regnier's dynamometer, together with the height and weight of the naked body. Next follow the measurements of the head, trunk, and limbs. Of these twenty-one relate to the head, seventeen to the trunk, and twenty to the extremities. We get here a tolerably exhaustive representation of the external features of the human subject, so far as they go. But even here no slight difficulty arises in assigning fixed points of measurement, which may easily be found in all objects of the same kind, and be taken to determine lines and planes from which further points may be ascertained. This is especially the case with regard to those measurements of the skull upon which the principal means of determining the distinctions of race must necessarily turn. As measurement in the living being is of course only external, it is only to an imperfect extent that measurements thus determined correspond with those made upon the desiccated skull. The auditory aperture, which is the point that most nearly corresponds in the two cases, has most commonly been taken as the one which best supplies all the conditions for a central datum point. The defect of some systems of craniometry lies in the circumstance that they are not equally applicable to the case of living men. Thus, while Van Baer, for instance, with many others, measures the diameter of the skull from the lowest point of the forehead, the so-called *gabellu*, to the most projecting point of the occiput, Welcker takes the frontal eminences, which are situated higher up, and cannot be exactly determined either in the living or dead skull, as his starting-points. The thickness of the skull, again, a point of special prominence in Welcker's system, is of course excluded from our study of the living specimen. In the method of Dr. Busk, which is based essentially upon a fixed vertical line passing through the centre of the auditory opening to the point at the vertex where the sagittal and coronal sutures meet, the weak point lies in determining the latter spot. In many skulls the sutures are so denticulated that the exact spot in which they meet may be outside the central line, and consequently either before or behind the point, which it is, moreover, impossible to determine on the living head. The new method of Professor Aeby, of Berne, is founded upon the use of a base line, the posterior end of which coincides with the central point of the anterior margin of the foramen magnum, the other extremity being sought at the anterior margin of the plate of the ethmoid, which is easily accessible in a skull sawn through longitudinally, but is more difficult to determine in the entire skull, on account of the hidden position of the ethmoid bone. A plane placed perpendicularly upon the line thus obtained, longitudinally bisecting the skull, is termed the median plane; and, by ordinates hence obtained, Aeby arrives at a series of fixed measurements for the whole, or a definite mean for the normal head of each separate race.

A universal horizontal plane is no less difficult to be determined. Of the half-dozen anthropologists who met at Göttingen in the summer of 1861 with regard to this subject, one proposed the zygomatic arch, another a plane passing through the occipital foramen, a third a line from the auditory aperture to the base of the nasal aperture. Measurements like these, conflicting in themselves, and still more complicated by the different proportion of parts in individuals, are liable to further obstacles when applied to the estimation of comparative differences of structure in the anatomy of man and the brute. Dr. Vogt's analysis of the respective methods thus briefly indicated, and his delineation of the leading varieties of cranial types, form perhaps the best portions of his book, illustrated as they are by carefully selected examples, and rendered clear by well executed woodcuts. Upon the questions of the antiquity of man, the constitution of the primitive races, and their relation to the types of the present day, his remarks comprise the fullest and most comprehensive summary of facts now extant in a popular form, although his conclusions upon these vexed subjects may not generally approve themselves in the present state of public opinion. It is only characteristic of the writer's enthusiasm for what he considers progress at all risks that he embraces, and even goes beyond, the extreme views of those who see in the Neanderthal calvaria no suspicion of abnormal or exceptional conformation, but accept this single casual specimen as showing the character of a true race—that race being identical with the Australian savage of our own day. Contrary to most of our leading naturalists, he is for classing both the Engis and Neander skulls together, as belonging to the same race and period; while from the circumstances that the Engis skull is the narrower of the two, that its roof considerably predominates over the base, that its bones are thinner, and that the signs of muscular attachment, as well as the prominences of the eyebrows, are less developed, he arrives at what even he himself characterises as the "rather hazardous conclusion" that "the Neander skull belonged to a muscular but stupid male, while the Engis skull perhaps belonged to an intelligent female."

A still more marked instance is to be noticed of that rashness in theorising which is so often seen in the German philosopher,

\* *Lectures on Man, his Place in Creation and in the History of the Earth.*  
By Dr. Carl Vogt. Edited by James Hunt, Ph.D. London: Longman & Co. 1864.

together with that cynical contempt for time-honoured beliefs which makes him delight in having a fling at what most men count sacred. From a comparison of the superficial characters of a certain skull in the museum at Berne, found near Biel, with those of others from the pile works of Switzerland, as at the Hohberg, and from the graves of Grenchen, indicating a peculiar narrowness of type, he rushes at once to the inference that he has here traced the influx of a certain immigrant race, whom, from their "well-developed simious characters," together with their enlarged "organs of veneration," he scarcely doubts to have been "Christian missionaries, principally from Ireland."

All the narrow skulls of this kind known to me, where the spots where they were found had been well examined, thus belong to the same period—the period of the decline of the Roman empire, and the introduction of Christianity in Switzerland. They are in small proportions mixed with other skulls which, as comparative examination teaches, have preserved their type from a comparatively recent period down to the present day. We are thus permitted to suppose that these narrow skulls, which approach the simian type, must have belonged to immigrants, who arrived only in small numbers, and whose type was not propagated, but soon disappeared. But we can trace no other immigration at that period than that of Christian missionaries who, according to tradition, came principally from Ireland. It is not so very improbable that the new religion, before which the flourishing Roman civilization relapsed into a state of barbarism, should have been introduced by people in whose skulls the anatomist finds simious characters so well developed, and in which the phrenologist finds the organ of veneration so much enlarged. I shall, in the meanwhile, call these simious narrow skulls of Switzerland "Apostle skulls," as I imagine that in life they must have resembled the type of Peter the Apostle, as represented in Byzantine-Nazarene art.

Announcing himself a convert to the main theory of Mr. Darwin, which he had at first vehemently opposed, Dr. Vogt goes beyond any English writer in the definiteness of his belief in the gradual development of types, including those of man, out of primarily common forms. Distinctions of species (so called) indicate in reality nothing more than breaks in the continuity of our knowledge of the uniformity and succession of the forces of life in individuals. To conceive new species to arise by creative interference is especially absurd. The natural development of all organisms from the first starting-point, branching out by continuous and uninterrupted succession into what now appear as genera, families, orders, classes, and kingdoms, is amply sufficient for the production of all their phenomena. Even man is thus shown to be nothing more than the highest product of a progressive natural selection and to "descend from the simious group, standing next to man." The discovery of fossil apes since the time of Cuvier has, of course, done much to invalidate the testimony borne by that great name to man's exceptional position in nature, and to aid the transitionists in bridging over the gulf which separated man from the ape. The theory of the plurality of the primitive human stocks is made to fit in admirably with the same conclusion. The intermediate races have been equally multiform, our latest investigations leading us back to the derivation of mankind, not from a single stock, but "from the various twigs of that tree so rich in branches which we surround with the order of primates or apes." It is little the bold writer cares for the denunciations which he anticipates for his unpopular doctrines. As it is not often that we meet with one who makes so little of received opinions, and who invites criticism in so outspoken a spirit, we may congratulate ourselves that we are at last in possession of all that can be said on one side of this important subject.

#### A CENTURY OF ANECDOTE FROM 1760 TO 1860.\*

IT may be doubted whether the world would be much duller if all the anecdotes which have ever been collected and published by industrious retailers had remained genuine *aviseurs*, or things not given out for general circulation. The value of what is termed Mr. So and So's inexhaustible fund of anecdote depends, not inconsiderably, on the question whether the specific items of gossip, wit, or personal experience which make up the fund are to be found as freely developed in the equally inexhaustible fund of anecdote belonging to another conversationalist whom it is equally easy to meet in society. It is very little satisfaction to listen to the spicy facts of a traditional *histoires*, as detailed by a professed talker at the dinner-table of No. 20, if one is oppressed by the conviction that the same story is being told at the same moment at the dinner-table of No. 21, on an infallible authority, though probably with a material difference in the seasoning. The anecdote which is truly worth hearing is that of which the teller has, from circumstances or capacity, received and retained a specially vivid impression upon the tablets of his memory, and which, if he did not tell it, would probably perish with him. The first characteristic of an anecdote, as of a song, should be spontaneity. It should well out from the inexhaustible fountain because it cannot help itself, not because the tap is turned on. Mr. Timbs states, as a fact entitling him to the favourable consideration of the public, that the habit of collecting anecdotes has afforded recreation to the learned, as well as to the gay and sprightly, in all ages. "The grave Lord Eldon," for instance, "left the world his anecdote-book, acknowledged to be one of the most entertaining works of its class." So also, we presume, did the traditionally gay and sprightly Mr. Joe Miller; and the two

\* A Century of Anecdote from 1760 to 1860. By John Timbs, F.S.A., Author of "Anecdote Biography," "Lives of Wits and Humourists," &c. &c. 2 vols. London : Bentley.

works are of much the same intrinsic value. An anecdote that has been collected, printed, cut out with scissors and pasted with paste, and finally stereotyped, is as inferior to the real original in its beauty as the poor butterfly with a pin through its back, planted on a bit of cork in a schoolboy's museum, is to the live butterfly fluttering about in the sun and settling on the flowers. What shall we say of a "century" of the best modern anecdotes, aiming at the preservation of a distinctive personal interest, "glancing at striking events," classified into sections of "Court and Fashionable Life, Political Life, Men of Letters, Law and Lawyers, Eccentric Persons," &c., except that it may be, as its editor hopes, found acceptable to various classes of readers? If we find that, during the coming season, the inexhaustible stream of ordinary social conversation tends strongly to flow in the direction of the fashionable, political, literary, legal, or eccentric life of the last hundred years, we shall be tempted to imitate Dr. Pangloss's method of emphasizing his quotations from Shakespeare, and say softly, "Hem! Timbs."

Mr. Timbs is, indeed, more generous than he professes to be, as the range of his anecdotes considerably exceeds the century which is stated on his title-page. The attitude of George II. at Dettingen, the sermons preached on the death of Frederick Prince of Wales and the behaviour of his royal father on the occasion, the will of Sir John Germain published in 1718, are surely *hors d'oeuvres* in a collection which might be expected to begin with the coronation of George III. Perhaps Mr. Timbs holds that, since Horace Walpole adorned the beginning of the "century" which he has appropriated, every piece of gossip that is to be found, or that might have happened to be found, in the Letters of Horace Walpole is fair game for his bag. Sometimes Walpole is quoted as the author of the anecdote; in other cases the reader is left to infer doubtfully that it is an excerpt from Walpole, retouched by the nineteenth-century editor. Here, for instance, is a moral reflection on Mary Queen of Scots, at once so vague and so shallow that we should really like to know who is to be credited with it; but Mr. Timbs is provokingly silent as to whence it came, or why it belongs to his special century:—

What a drawback on *beaux sentiments* and romantic ideas is presented in Pasquier's account of the execution of Mary Queen of Scots. He says, "The night before, knowing her body must be stripped for her shroud, she would have her feet washed, because she used ointment to one of them, which was sore." In a very old trial of her, which Walpole bought from Lord Oxford's collection, it is said that she was a large lame woman. Take sentiments out of their *pantoufles*, and reduce them to the infirmities of mortality, what a falling-off is there!

We trust that in his next edition Mr. Timbs will classify his anecdotes anew into the sections which are supposed respectively to afford recreation to the gay and sprightly, and the learned, reader, and then we may perhaps know whether the above specimen is humorous, didactic, or simply curious.

A great distinction between the original and retailed anecdote lies in simplicity. It is easy to fortify a good *historie* by circumstantial detail until its flavour is overlaid by too much garnish. This is Mr. Timbs' method of diluting for popular appreciation the familiar and neat little story of M. Thiers' hurried anxiety to understand the finance of Great Britain:—

In 1833 M. Thiers made a ten-days' journey in England, and pledged himself to Louis Philippe to learn in that time all that was worth knowing of the politics, commerce, revenues, religion, arts, sciences, and social economy of this nation. While here he wrote to a gentleman connected with the Treasury the following note:—"My dear sir, would you give me a short quarter of an hour, to explain to me the financial system of your country? Always yours, T."

Any artist in story-telling would have carefully cut out all of this roundabout recital beyond the fact that M. Thiers, while in England, wrote such a note. Setting aside the clumsy improbability that the French Minister should have pledged himself to his master to learn, in a ten days' visit, all that was to be learnt of the seven most important constituents of a foreign nation's life, the sting of the story is entirely blunted in the descent from the general to the particular. If M. Thiers is supposed to have made such an outrageously absurd brag to Louis Philippe, the letter, of which English modesty has been used to admire the humorous flippancy, becomes a pale and ineffectual reflection of its writer's character, and a feeble consequence of the previous boast. Mr. Timbs carefully leads his readers down from, not up to, the point of the anecdote.

The late Duke of Wellington has suffered much from retail dealers in his good sayings. When he answered a friend's question whether a particular division, which had put the Whig Government in a minority, would turn them out, by saying that no division would ever turn the Whigs out but a division of police, incompetent admirers soon eliminated the wit of the epigram by reporting it to be the Duke's general opinion that nothing but the police would turn the Whigs out. Mr. Timbs has succeeded almost as well in washing the colour out of an equally familiar story:—

The Duke was once asked by a friend, with ill-timed familiarity, if he was ever surprised. "No," replied his Grace, "but I am now." The ill-timed question was, whether the Duke was surprised (as had been alleged) on the particular occasion of the Waterloo campaign. But if Mr. Timbs has not understood this, we must allow that he makes full amends by the singular appropriateness and authenticity of the words he puts into the Duke's mouth in another story, as explanatory of his refusal to remove the iron shutters from the windows of Apsley House:—

"They shall remain where they are," was his remark, "as a monument of the gullibility of a mob, and the worthlessness of that sort of popularity for

which they who give it can assign no good reason. I don't blame the men that broke my windows. They only did what they were instigated to do by others who ought to have known better. But if any one be disposed to grow giddy with popular applause, I think a glance towards these iron shutters will soon sober him."

Nobody can read the despatches of the Iron Duke without becoming aware that he was a great and powerful writer as well as general; but it has been reserved for Mr. Timbs to hand him down to posterity as a particularly tall talker.

The admirers of Dr. Arnold will feel grateful to the editor of these volumes for having rescued from oblivion the following characteristic and pointed story, which forms part of a sheaf of good things among the "Anecdotes of Clerical Life":—

Dr. Arnold once preached a sermon against taking in the monthly numbers of *Nicholas Nickleby*. The sermon was not very effective; but the protest against uninterrupted excitement, which was the pith of the discourse, was not unneeded.

We should judge that Mr. Timbs sympathizes very strongly with the opinions attributed to Dr. Arnold. His anecdotes are not always very effective; but, if viewed as a successful protest against uninterrupted excitement, manfully carried out through two good-sized volumes, they are undeniably satisfactory. If we are right in thinking that in every other sense their collection was altogether unneeded, it is consoling to believe that this embodiment of a moral protest against the vanities of his generation is the real pith of Mr. Timbs's discourse.

Canning, in his relation to Clerical Life, is treated rather better than Dr. Arnold or the Duke of Wellington:—

Mr. Canning was once asked by an English clergyman how he had liked the sermon he had preached before him. "Why, it was a short sermon," quoth Canning. "Oh, yes," said the preacher; "you know I avoid being tedious." "Ah, but," replied Canning, "you were tedious."

Putting Mr. Timbs into the place of the English clergyman, and speaking to him with the frankness of the most friendly critic, we can hardly improve on the pleasant repartees of Canning.

Here is an anecdote purporting to illustrate a character in Mr. Timbs's gallery of "Eccentric Persons," of which the relevancy is a puzzling problem. It is entitled "A Marriage by Mistake":—

One of the noted fortune-hunters of the last century was Haugoullier, a French Jew, who in January 1796, having dined with a party at Richardson's Hotel, Covent Garden, drew a cheque for 21*l.* upon Messrs. Hammersley, for which Mr. Richardson gave him the balance. With this money Haugoullier started with his friend, Gilray Piggott, to Bath, in pursuit of Miss Trist, the only child of a tailor in Surrey Street, Strand, supposed heiress to 40,000*l.* On reaching Bath, he carried off the supposed [sic], and married her at Gretna Green. On his return he found out she was not the object of his pursuit, but Miss E. Ashford Trist, of Totnes, a lady of good fortune, though not equal to that of Miss Trist of Surrey Street, who thus had a lucky escape; for Haugoullier proved a bad husband, sold all his wife's property, broke her heart, and became as poor as ever. In 1811, he was stated to have been implicated in the poisoning of several horses at Newmarket.

Mr. Timbs apparently thinks an impudent fortune-hunting French Jew an eccentric person, but the story does not disclose anything beyond the regular type of a very ordinary and uninteresting blackguard. It is not for us to say why such drivel should have been picked out for insertion in Mr. Timbs' repertory of the good things of the last hundred years. The editor of a *Century of Anecdotes* is, like any other centurion, master of his troop, and can tell the one to come and the other to go.

It is, however, self-evident that between 1750 and 1860 a sufficient number of interesting incidents must have accumulated in contemporary or traditional gossip to occupy a considerable proportion of two such volumes as those before us; and it would be unfair to Mr. Timbs to say that he has either omitted or spoilt them all. A literary editor with access to the remains of all anecdote-mongers from Walpole to Dean Ramsay and Lord Cockburn, could hardly use his scissors and paste so as to avoid making a hodgepodge that should be superficially amusing to the general reader, until his actual weariness should prove that it was intrinsically dull. Where the scissors and paste have been most honestly and straightforwardly used, as is mostly the case in Mr. Timbs's Scotch stories, the general result is more pleasing than where the phraseology or construction shows that the anecdote has been retouched by its present editor. It is satisfactory that Mr. Timbs should have understood that it was not safe to meddle with the breadth of Scotch "wut," lest it should be eliminated by contraction into narrow English. But, for our own part, we had much rather taste Scotch "wut" and Scotch humour at first hand, in the genial volumes of those who are authoritatively qualified to record it, than buy it by retail in a classified century of anecdote. So, also, we had much rather imbibe our notions of Horace Walpole and his contemporaries, and of the generations between his and our own, by dipping, however imperfectly, into connected memoirs or personal reminiscences nearer to the times to which they relate, than cram our studious capacities and blunt our critical palates by gorging upon such concentrated essence of questionably authentic gossip as Mr. Timbs has here boiled up to suit the temper of the time.

#### FLETCHER'S AMERICAN WAR.\*

WE doubt whether it be possible to write the history of a great war, while that war is still in progress, so completely and satisfactorily that the work shall enjoy lasting credit and

\* *History of the American War.* By Lieutenant-Colonel Fletcher, Scots Fusilier Guards. Vol. I. First Year of the War (1861-62). London: Richard Bentley. 1863.

popularity. But it is evident that this, or something like this, is the aspiration of Colonel Fletcher. Men do not bestow so much labour, care, and attention on works for which they anticipate only an ephemeral existence. And on many accounts the book, if we may judge by the volume already before us, deserves to live. It is far the best record of the war that we possess. In style and lucidity it is perhaps hardly equal to Captain Chesney's little work; but it is far more elaborate, enters into details which are unnecessary to Captain Chesney's purpose, and embraces the whole field of military operations from Pennsylvania to Texas, from the Atlantic to the Indian territory. To such works as the *Rebellion Record* on the one hand, and Pollard's *Second War of Independence* on the other, we should not dream of comparing it. Colonel Fletcher has all the gravity and candour of the historian, and is perfectly free from the prejudice and intemperance of the partisan. Indeed we doubt whether we shall live to see another history so perfectly impartial. It will take many years, perhaps many generations, completely to calm the passions excited by this great struggle, not in America only, but throughout the civilized world. There are some quarrels which involve questions of so much permanent importance, and interests so great and so lasting, that men never learn to regard them impartially. A fair and candid history of our own great Civil War has yet to be written. During the last century, men wrote and spoke of Charles I and his opponents as a survivor of Prince Rupert's chivalry might have done. On the other hand, Macaulay, and those who have written more recently the eulogies of the Puritans and the Parliament, are scarcely more temperate or candid than the fanatics whose martyrologies they quote with such credulous confidence. For the quarrel is not yet wholly healed; we are still vexed with some of the questions which lay at the bottom of the feud between Falkland and Hampden, Strafford and Pym; the Liberation Society keeps alive a hearty detestation of the Puritans, and the enemies of Church-rates are in mere consistency forced to be the revilers of the Cavaliers. So, while the struggle between democracy and constitutionalism still continues; while there is still a conflict between the "higher laws" of ardent imaginations and the "vested rights" consecrated by formal agreement or immemorial prescription; while one party asserts the rights of the few or the individual, and another the sovereignty of the popular will—so long will this American war continue to be a subject of controversy, so long, among students and even among historians, will there be a Northern and a Southern party, as there is a party for King Charles and a party for Cromwell. Colonel Fletcher has the rare good fortune, even while the war rages, to be no partisan. He has enjoyed the hospitality of both parties, and would be on good terms with both. He has evidently a strong personal liking for some of the Northern chiefs, while he has that kind of sympathy with the gallantry and the weakness of the Confederates which it is hardly possible for a soldier and a gentleman not to feel. Colonel Fletcher may make mistakes; may tell a story incorrectly or imperfectly; may give undue credit to one man, and lay undue blame on another; but it will be only from such want of information or error of judgment as might mislead the coldest judge in the most indifferent cause, and not from the previous bias of his own mind.

One circumstance, which has perhaps contributed to the perfect impartiality of the author, rather impairs the completeness of his work. His account of the origin of the war, and the motives which led to secession, is very imperfect and a little confused, as if he had taken it at second-hand, without thoroughly understanding the state of things assumed by his informants. A reader unacquainted with the subject would not gather from his narrative any clear notion of the position of the South, and the alternative before her, in 1860. Up to that time the Union had been ruled by the Democratic party, which was neither Northern nor Southern, but Unionist and anti-sectional. The Opposition, or Republicans, had been gathering strength for years. They were purely Northern, and their resolve was that the North should rule the Union, and monopolize the unsettled territory. Had they succeeded, a few years would have girt the South round with States devoted to the Northern interest. A few years more, and such States would have formed three-fourths of the whole number—the proportion requisite to amend the Constitution. Thus the South would have been at their mercy; crushed in political warfare, without a chance in the field. The election of Lincoln, against the unanimous vote of the South, by a sectional majority, showed that the Opposition or Republican party had gained the control of the North, and, having that, could rule the Union. They had avowed their ultimate intention of revolutionizing the South. They had—this should not be forgotten in considering the prospect then open to Southern eyes—actually sent a band of robbers and rowdies into Virginia; and when the chief of that band was hanged, as a traitor both to Virginia and the Union, the city of Boston, the Republican stronghold, went into mourning. The South had to choose whether she would be ruled by her avowed enemies, under the forms of law, till they were strong enough to suppress her laws and deal with her as a subject country; or whether she would break loose at once, leaving them to choose between peace and war. The alternative lay between separation and Northern domination, between subjection and independence.

Nor does Colonel Fletcher sufficiently mark the fact that the war, on the part of the North, was purely aggressive. He forbears to notice, and perhaps did not know, that the framers of the Constitution had anticipated this very case of secession, and had decided that force should not be used. Nor does he observe the

utter absurdity of describing as rebels men who were in arms under the orders of the State Governments, which had unquestionably over them the power of life and death. Several omissions of this kind, and a certain confusedness in his references to political matters, had suggested to us that Colonel Fletcher was unfamiliar with the ideas and principles of American politics; and our suspicions were confirmed by a mistake which no one at all acquainted with the constitutional phraseology of the United States could have made—the description of a State Legislature as a “Congress.” Taking no great interest in the constitutional aspects of Secession, and failing to recognise in the war an issue between the overbearing petulance of democracy and the vindicators of established rights and privileges, it is easier for Colonel Fletcher to be impartial than for those who see in the two belligerents the representatives of warring principles.

But, if his political *résumé* is imperfect and unsatisfactory, Colonel Fletcher makes ample amends when he comes to deal with the military situation of the parties and the actual operations of the war. His present volume extends no further than the capture of New Orleans, and the encampment of McClellan's forces on the Chickahominy; containing the campaign of Bull Run in Virginia, that of Fort Donelson and Shiloh in the West, the operations along the coast, and the commencement of the second movement upon Richmond. Both the narrative of the military operations themselves, and the account of the organization and material of the armies, are clear and accurate, and throw additional light on the causes which rendered the first campaigns so perplexing to European observers. Colonel Fletcher lays much stress, as a soldier might be expected to do, on the services rendered by the officers, active and retired, of the regular army, both in bringing the raw levies into fighting condition and handling them in the field, and also in restraining the savage instincts of the Northern Government and the angry feelings of the Southern people, and keeping them within the usages of civilized belligerents. We fear that some exceptions must be made to this last commendation. It is true that the great Southern leaders have never transgressed the strictest rules of chivalric forbearance, and that the Northern generals taken from the regular army have not imitated the worst atrocities of Butler, Milroy, and McNeil; yet Sherman's and Sheridan's wholesale devastations are certainly not within the ordinary laws of warfare. Grant's destruction of the archives at Jackson was an act which all writers on international law condemn, and at least one cruel murder is laid to the charge of Burnside. In the field, one or two Southern gentlemen not trained to arms have distinguished themselves as partisan leaders or cavalry officers, but the high commands have been reserved for educated soldiers; and the civilian generals of the North have generally covered themselves with ridicule, and entailed disaster on their country.

The first army of the North was formed much as we recruit ours. The privates came from the lower classes; those who had interest obtained commissions. Unhappily, interest in the Northern States is not enjoyed, as here, by the higher classes; and many of the regimental officers were of the lowest class and character, as was the case when Washington so bitterly complained of the manner in which the State of Massachusetts was wont to bestow its commissions. If Mr. Lincoln's officers did not “shake their men for a penny,” they dealt in whisky, which was yet more fatal to discipline. Some of this sort were found even in the higher ranks of the army. In the South, the first army was chiefly composed of volunteer companies, in which the youth of the better classes had been wont to enrol themselves; and which, on the alarm of war, expanded into two, three, or even more companies, consisting chiefly of the same class of men. Sometimes a rich planter would raise and equip a company, and serve in the ranks. Commands were given to men of experience or supposed capacity; field-officers were appointed by the Confederate Government. Thus the army that fought at Bull Run, though wanting in numbers and experience, was composed of excellent material. Afterwards, when it became plain that larger armies would be required and a long war was in prospect, the privates of the earlier forces were allowed to go home on furlough, raise companies, and take command of them. Thus the Southern army was, from the first, comparatively well-officered; and it may be added, that the planters, accustomed to command and provide for large numbers of men, were already far better qualified for regimental commands than any class of men to be found in the Northern States.

Such was the composition of the armies that met at Bull Run. Both were inexperienced; both were led by generals who had never seen war on a large scale, and with an inadequate staff—McDowell had only two aides-de-camp to help him in directing his whole force—but the Southerners had the advantage of being better shots, having better officers, and being on the defensive. Still, superiority of numbers at first prevailed; and it was only by a desperate rally, strengthened by the arrival of Kirby Smith with some 2,000 men at the critical moment, that the Confederates succeeded in repulsing their enemy. But here the inferior quality of the Northerners showed itself. The Southerners had often been driven back, and as often regained their ground. When once the tide had turned against the North, the army of McDowell broke and fled, nor, though pursued feebly and but a little way, could it be rallied till it had reached the entrenchments of Washington. “What can be done,” says Colonel Fletcher, “with troops that cannot be rallied even when they are out of sight of the enemy?” But this disgraceful rout was not the worst of the scandals that proved the inferior quality of the soldiery. In Western Virginia a whole army broke

up just at the critical moment, because they had enlisted for three months, and their time was up! And there were regiments which marched off the field of Bull Run, as their general said, “to the sound of the enemy's cannon,” on the same pretence. Such were the materials out of which General McClellan had to make an army.

The Southerners, underrating the share which accidental circumstances had had in the victory of Bull Run, conceived an unreasonable contempt for their enemy, which had afterwards the most disastrous consequences, and might have proved fatal had it been shared by those at the head of affairs. As it was, the precious weeks of safety secured by that victory were not improved as they might have been had the people heartily seconded the exertions of the Government. The State of Missouri hesitated, debated, and was lost. Kentucky, after attempting to preserve a neutrality which would have made her the shield of the South, was assailed on both sides. But the Confederates were overmatched. The hardy backwoodsmen and farmers of the West were very different foes from the citizens of Boston and the rowdies of New York; and they had the same advantage of numbers. The Confederates had successively two lines of defence. The first was broken by the capture of Fort Donelson, which compelled the evacuation of Kentucky. The second was turned by the surrender of “Island No. 10,” and the Confederates fell back into Mississippi. Hither they were followed by Grant, with the advanced guard of the Federal army; which was assailed, beaten, and all but destroyed by Sydney Johnstone, and only saved by his death and the unfortunate hesitation of Beauregard. In the night, Buell joined Grant, and saved the remnant of his army; and all the fruits of the victory of Shiloh were lost to the South.

The vast superiority in numbers enjoyed by the North enabled her, without weakening her forces either in Virginia or Tennessee, to assail the South at other points; and her command of the sea secured a base of operations and a line of communication perfectly unassailable for any force that might be landed on the sea-coast. In order to utilize to the utmost the advantages of numbers and naval supremacy, General McClellan, who now commanded in chief, drew up a scheme for attacking the Confederacy on all sides at once, and thus distracting and dividing its forces so that they might be easily crushed by the main armies of the North. This “anaconda scheme” found great favour with the North, and part of it was put into immediate execution. The range of islands which fringes the coast of North Carolina was seized and held; a landing was effected at Beaufort, in South Carolina; and the Federal fleet, aided by the elements, succeeded in forcing the entrance of the Mississippi, and compelling the surrender of New Orleans.

In the meantime, McClellan had made of a mob of recruits a well-equipped, disciplined, regularly organized army; he had a considerable, though insufficient, staff; he had all the materials of war in abundance, and the people and the President were impatient that he should use them. But McClellan's plan was not agreeable to Mr. Lincoln. He proposed to trust the defence of Washington to a garrison, and attack Richmond by the peninsula between the York and James Rivers. Mr. Lincoln saw that this would uncover the capital, and, it is said, trembled for his personal safety. It was with extreme difficulty that his consent was obtained; and from that moment he seems to have been the secret, but determined, enemy of the General. Colonel Fletcher, indeed, would lay the whole blame of his treachery on the Cabinet; but he forgets that no Cabinet can coerce a President of the United States. As soon as McClellan had taken the field, he saw in a newspaper an order from the President reducing him from the command in chief to the command of a single department, and this without a word of warning or notice to himself! Then McClellan was forced to leave 73,000 men to protect Washington and President Lincoln. Next, the President deprived McClellan of 10,000 men, to place them under Fremont in Western Virginia—thus weakening the army on which all depended, to strengthen a mob-favourite in an unimportant department. He promised, however, to detach no more troops without McClellan's consent. Next, while McClellan was in front of Yorktown, he received notice that McDowell's force (on the co-operation of which his plans depended, for it was to take Yorktown in rear) had been detached from his command, and ordered to report to the President. The result was that the Confederates held Yorktown just as long as suited them, inflicting great annoyance, delay, and inconvenience on the assailants, and then withdrew at their leisure; and McClellan was left to carry out his plan of attack on Richmond while deprived of some of the conditions which he had deemed material to success, and with some 50,000 men less than the number he had fixed upon as necessary. That he should have gone on with the scheme under such circumstances indicates great resolution, patience, and self-sacrifice; that he should have been defeated by the efforts of the Confederate army, seconded as they were by the disloyalty of his own Government, is in no way surprising. In reading Colonel Fletcher's lucid account of the events which he witnessed while accompanying the staff of the Federal commander, it is easy to see that, unless McClellan had at first grossly exaggerated the difficulty of his enterprise and the means required for its accomplishment, little prospect of success remained when, deprived of a third of his force, of all control over the other armies of the North, of the command of his own base of operations, and of the confidence of his superiors, he led his troops to the banks of the Chickahominy, and took up his quarters in the

grounds of the White House, the residence of his adversary, General Lee.

We must observe that there are some misprints in this volume which will occasionally puzzle readers who are not thoroughly familiar with the subject. It is a pity that these have been overlooked by the author, whose general painstaking is beyond question. Another defect is the paucity of maps and plans. We trust that, in future volumes, these faults will be avoided. Any one who wishes thoroughly to understand the description of a battle will probably have to draw it out on paper for himself, and he will be apt to think that the author might have saved him the trouble. It would be a pity that the deserved popularity of Colonel Fletcher's book should be marred by omissions so easily repaired.

#### PAID IN FULL.\*

**S**KILL in the composition of burlesques and extravaganzas does not appear, at first sight, to be a very promising qualification for writing novels, nor indeed for any other kind of writing. The chief excellences of a burlesque are precisely what would be the most hateful faults in anything else. The far-fetched puns, the ceaseless little witticisms, the extravagance, and the vulgarity of the most popular and successful burlesques are the very features which a judicious novelist would be most anxious to avoid. A novel must be strong at least either in action or character. The essence of burlesque-writing consists in making both action and character as monstrous and unnatural as exaggerated language, preposterous costumes, and senseless disjointed incidents can unite to make them. We should as soon expect a good novel from a street juggler who can keep ten balls in the air at the same time, or from a circus-rider who can bestride six horses at once, as from a hard-working burlesque writer. It is possible that Mr. Byron may have written a novel as a relief from the grave monotony of making stage jokes, and that he has published it in the same humble spirit in which a weaver sends a copy of a famous picture, or a cobbler a brooch cut out of a walnut-shell, to an Industrial Exhibition. But, as he has not told us this, the idol of the galleries of so many London theatres must be content to be judged by the same critical standard as is applied to less renowned personages.

Nobody would have been likely to guess, on internal grounds, that the author of *Paid in Full* was a follower of the drama, even in its most frivolous and debased form. There is scarcely any dialogue, the incidents are woefully incongruous, and instead of each character being left to speak for himself, the author introduces him in a long and windy passage which is more like a detached piece of funny magazine padding than a coherent part of a story. In fact there are two stories, and the reader is treated to a chapter of each alternately. The result is a mental confusion worse confounded, just as if we were reading a book formed by sewing up *Pickwick* and *Pelham* in one volume, but in alternate chapters. One set of chapters tells us the story of a silly and conceited youth, who runs away with a doctor's daughter; then, having very little to live on, and having unfortunately fallen in love with a popular actress, he begins to behave very selfishly and unkindly to his wife, who eventually dies in childbed. The career of the hero, who makes a pinched livelihood by writing for the newspapers, gives Mr. Byron an opportunity of introducing some pictures of fifth-rate literary and dramatic life, which he has executed in a way that shows how very closely a writer may imitate Mr. Dickens, and how very poor his writing may prove notwithstanding. The other set of chapters is more melodramatic, and contains the history of a fearfully wicked nobleman, who, after a long life of iniquity and dishonour, is at length, in a very wonderful way, "paid in full." Lord Glenburn is an unrighteous aristocrat of the type popular in the halfpenny journal. His whole life has been one long history of seductions, gambling, and fraud. Among his victims was the betrothed of a country farmer. Of course in due time he deserted her, and she died in destitution. When the news reached her old home, the father of her betrothed made him swear a mighty oath that his whole life should be devoted to the task of inflicting vengeance on the seducer, "that he would strike the nobleman a deadly blow, one that should cover him with a shame that would blight and utterly destroy him; that he would leave no plan untried, no stone unturned, for this one object; that the blow should come at a time when the world was smiling on the villain, when any disgrace would bring destruction with it, and when the joy of the preceding moments should add an extra pang to the crushing agony of the terrible exposure." A writer must have got his mind thoroughly imbued with the spirit of burlesque before he could have put so elaborate and subtle a piece of cursing into the mouth of an ordinary bumpkin. However, the bumpkin soon begins to put his scheme in train. He at once secures the post of valet to Lord Glenburn, though it is never made clear where he learnt the various qualities requisite for a position so elevated, and in the course of an incredibly short time he becomes his master's private and confidential friend. It would scarcely be edifying to follow the valet through all his melodramatic machinations. They contain plenty of ingenuity and violence, and, but for the painful lack of the thrilling illustrations, they are almost as satisfactory as those charming pennypinches of furious excitement to which housemaids and scullions are indebted for some of the happiest moments in life. Towards the middle

of the third volume, the two stories are fused by the conceited youth leaping violently into a room in St. Giles's, where the valet is on the point of being murdered. The valet discovers that his deliverer is a son of Lord Glenburn's, and after a few more machinations Lord Glenburn, in a moment of drunken rage, though ignorant who his opponent really is, kills his son by a blow with a decanter. The valet's vengeance is consummated in a terrific scene in which he taunts Lord Glenburn, then apparently on his death-bed, with his crimes, tells him that his faithful valet is, in truth, an avenging demon, and finally informs the frenzied nobleman that he has slain his own son.

But Mr. Byron's novel is chiefly remarkable as illustrating a certain view as to the nature of true humour. It is a view with which it must be confessed that educated people have but scanty sympathy, but still it is sufficiently prevalent to be worth noticing. The exact secret of humour of this stamp is not easy to find, but it seems to depend mainly on the application of large words to very small matters. For instance, a man finds what the author chooses to call "the inevitable fly" in his wine-glass, and exclaims to the waiter, "William, much as I admire flies in the abstract, considered in connexion with sherry, they are a nuisance, William." This is obviously intended as a highly humorous way of talking, and we are conscious of being expected to think it equally funny when a person is said "originally to have had views of a missionary nature," or a new-born baby is described as having "views regarding refreshment which augured extravagantly for its future." After all, what is the wit of calling a fly in a wine-glass a fly "considered in connexion with sherry," or of saying of a hungry child that it has "views regarding refreshment"? Of the twenty different definitions of humour, does any one include such instances as these? The author plainly wishes to be amusing when he describes a stage prompter as one "who beyond taking more snuff than was good for him, and continually losing the place, possessed no special qualification for his post." This is no doubt a very dry and choice irony, if one only had a properly trained palate, just as there are wines whose surpassing dryness delights a connoisseur, but which to plain men are as unpleasant as physic. The humour defies analysis, still this is a very common characteristic of works of genius. An old-fashioned club fogey is called "the shaft of small boys, who associate him with a person of infamous memory, whose effigy may be seen on the fifth of November, but who, we are bound to add, in nowise resembles the object of their derision." This is the funny way of mentioning Guy Fawkes, as "prandial operations" is the funny name for dinner. The conceited hero of one of the two sets of chapters is always described as a prodigy of literary cleverness. With much discretion, Mr. Byron simply tells us this from time to time, without endangering his hero's reputation by making him talk; but on one occasion the judicious silence is broken, and the brilliant talker declares he can "appreciate a curry far more than some old Oriental fire-eater, whose palate has been stung and peppered into a state of permanent unimpressionable parchmentism." The old gentleman to whom this is said is so convulsed at its witty alliteration that he cannot speak for some time, and then tries to remember the "good thing," so that he may repeat it to his friends. A brilliant actress, rather bored by a long sentimental song, "suggests the judicious application of the P. K.," this being the humorous abbreviation of "pruning-knife." *Paid in Full* abounds with similar examples of this monstrous confusion of little meaningless and stupid verbal jests with fancy and humour.

The only thing worse than Mr. Byron in his funny vein is Mr. Byron serious. Writers of this kind can never rest content, whether grave or gay, with simple and natural effects of language. If gay, they must call dinner a prandial operation, and talk about flies considered in connexion with sherry, and views regarding refreshment and P. K. If they for a moment forget themselves and become grave, they become just as artificial on the other side. We have had the overdone cursing of the betrayed farmer. The vindictiveness of the valet is equally overdone. Some twenty or thirty years after the ruin of his betrothed by Lord Glenburn, the valet goes to bed, but "before putting out his light, a long, long gaze at the little face in the gold frame, and then so hard and relentless a look towards the room where he sleeps. Oh, so cold and cruel a look upon that white face, and so wild a light in those generally lack-lustre eyes! Oh, so strong a quiver, too, passing over the firm-set limbs as the beads of perspiration start to the tall forehead, and he hides away the picture from his sight, and presses his hand to his heart with a look of pain!" Precisely the same conditions which make a writer mistake "prandial operations" for wit lead him to mistake the spirit of such a passage as this for power. In each case there is the same absence of idea and the same reliance on tricks of words. Wild lights, hard and relentless looks, cold and cruel looks, looks of pain, strong quivers over firm-set limbs, all sound very powerful and fine, but when weak novelists pile them up, such phrases have no more emotional force or meaning than the *x* and *y* of a formula. It would have been very remarkable, however, if Mr. Byron had displayed any depth or power as a novelist. The puns and jokes to the concoction of which his life has hitherto been devoted are generally as capital as such things can be, but, if Balzac himself had written as many burlesques as Mr. Byron has, he could never have written a tolerable novel.

\* *Paid in Full*. By Henry James Byron. 3 vols. London : John Maxwell & Co. 1865.

[February 11, 1865.]

## DWIGHT'S MODERN PHILOLOGY.\*

THIS is a praiseworthy attempt to introduce the results of modern philological research into a country in which, according to Mr. Dwight, they have as yet hardly been pursued at all. The first volume is the third edition of a work which seems to have been first published in 1859, while the second volume appears to be wholly new. It is highly creditable to Mr. Dwight that he himself has made distinct advances in the interval between the publication of the two volumes. He appears to have followed his philological studies as a real labour of love, to have approached the subject from the right direction, and to have worked diligently at it with the help of the best guides. The book is written for America, not for England or for Germany. Mr. Dwight wishes to interest "two classes of students in the study of comparative philology—educated Americans generally, and, in particular, our younger classical students." Mr. Dwight doubtless knows much better than we do how either of these classes is to be drawn to a new study. We are therefore ready to make every allowance for some peculiarities in his way of dealing with his subject which otherwise would certainly not commend themselves to our taste. His style is odd, and it is often over-rhetorical for his subject; indeed he stops in his Introduction to meet possible objections on this head. He is also unpleasantly given to a certain preaching vein—a way of dragging in moral and theological speculations, which have nothing to do with the subject, and whose insertion, according to our notions, is a sin against good taste. Mr. Dwight may, if he pleases, argue in favour of language being a direct divine gift to man. If he holds such a dogma, and if he can attach any intelligible meaning to it, the opinion is as much in its place as any other opinion about the origin of language. The opinion, as it seems to us, is a truism. All people except atheists believe that man was created by God; they must therefore believe that God gave man the power of speaking, in the same way that He gave him the power of walking and eating and doing all other human actions. If this is all that is meant, it is a position about which no Christian, Mahometan, Jew, or Deist can possibly doubt. But if it mean that language is a special divine gift, in some sense in which the power of walking or eating is not a divine gift, then we really do not know what is meant. Mr. Dwight, however, is at perfect liberty to discuss the question; what we complain of is his habit of dragging in moral and theological matters when they have not this sort of connexion with the subject in hand. It is, in fact, one form of that vice of writing rhetorically about a matter of pure science to which Mr. Dwight himself pleads guilty. Mr. Dwight, it seems, has written a book called "The Higher Christian Education," and part of the present work was originally published in a periodical called "Bibliotheca Sacra." Theological speculations are therefore probably uppermost in his mind. When he writes at all rhetorically, they naturally come out. But in a discussion on Comparative Philology we do not want either theology or rhetoric.

The order followed by Mr. Dwight is not very intelligible, owing probably to different parts of the book having first appeared as detached essays in more than one periodical work. The first portion consists of "an Historical Sketch of the Indo-European Languages"; then follows the "History of Modern Philology," and then "Etymology as a Science." The second volume contains "Comparative Phonology," and "Comparative English Etymology in its Classical Aspects." It is hard, for instance, to see why the History of Modern Philology should fill the particular place which it does in this series. In itself it is a useful sketch of the various writers who have, in different ways, contributed to the growth of modern scientific knowledge in these matters. While we feel duly grateful to more modern writers who have worked out the matter more in detail, we should never forget how thoroughly the essential principle of the Aryan theory was grasped long ago by Sir William Jones. Mr. Dwight says:—

As early as in 1778, six years before the formation of the Asiatic Society at Calcutta, Halhed expressed his "astonishment," in his Bengal Grammar, "at the similitude of Sanskrit words with Persian, Arabic, Latin and Greek, throughout the whole groundwork of the language." But Sir William Jones was the first to announce to the European world the connexion of the Aryan languages one with another, saying, that "no philologer could examine the Sanskrit, Greek and Latin, without believing them to have sprung from some common source, which perhaps no longer exists. There is a similar reason, though not quite so forcible, for supposing that both the Gothic and Celts had the same origin with the Sanskrit. The old Persian may be added to the same family." This surely is a very bold, clear statement made at the outset, partly as a matter of ascertained fact, and partly as a matter of well-conceived theory, of what has since been so fully discovered and verified by so many scholars with such brilliant success.

Halhed, it is evident, did not distinguish between Aryan and Semitic languages; he had probably attended more to mere likenesses of particular words than to analogies of grammatical formation. But the words of Jones leave hardly anything to be wanted, unless it be the addition of Slavonic, Lithuanian, and a few other obscurer languages, to his list. This was a matter of detail which was sure to follow, when the true principle of affinity had been found and when the most important members of the family had been recognised. And it should be noticed how completely Jones understood the real nature of the connexion. At that stage the temptation must have been great to speak of Latin as derived from Greek, and of Greek as derived from Sanskrit; but

\* *Modern Philology; its Discoveries, History, and Influence.* By Benjamin W. Dwight. First and Second Series. New York: Scribner, London: Trübner & Co. 1864.

Jones does no such thing; he puts Greek, Latin, and Sanskrit in their right places as distinct offshoots from one common stock. And, though he speaks less positively of the Gothic, Celtic, and Persian, his surmise about those languages equally recognises the fact that the relation among all of them is cognation and not derivation—that all are in truth children of one parent which has perished. In short, Jones is clearly the founder of modern philology; all that later writers have done has been to expand and confirm a view which he put forth as something altogether new. Mr. Dwight goes on with a survey of the services of Bopp, Grimm, and others to whom philological science is indebted. It is curious, however, that he seems not to know Professor Max Müller's Lectures on the Science of Language. Professor Müller's earlier production, the Survey of Languages of the Seat of War, published during the war with Russia, he mentions, and quotes it constantly; but of the later Lectures we think there is no mention at all.

Mr. Dwight seems to us much stronger when he is dealing with Greek and Latin than when he comes down to English and other modern languages. Allowing for his digressions and oddities, all that he says about the "classical tongues" may be read with much pleasure. One or two odd things strike us even here; thus there is a passage (i. 56) which almost seems to imply that Mr. Dwight looks upon Creesus as a Greek. He can also, if he chooses, use the word Pelasgian to express the period when the Greek and Italian languages had not yet separated from another; but he can hardly prove that this was the sense in which the word was used by Herodotus or any other ancient writer, and it is perhaps safer altogether to avoid the use of a word which has been made the occasion of so much mysticism and nonsense. Nor do we exactly understand the following:—

In the Hellenic period, whatever the actual amount of immigration was, the tide of colonization set immediately from Ionia in Asia Minor, and, if swelled perhaps to some extent at the same time, incidentally, by kindred elements from Persia, those elements were certainly few and small; while, in the earlier Pelasgic period, the overflow seems to have spread directly from the regions of Media. The only plausible argument, in favour of the supposed influence of Persian elements directly or indirectly, on the form and features of the Hellenic period, is found in the fact of the special resemblance of the classic Greek, in some things, to the Persian both ancient and modern; a resemblance which its Latin sister, of a more homogeneous Pelasgic constitution, does not at all possess. The resemblances between the Persian and Greek are owing, probably, to phonetic principles common to them both, under similar climatic influences. The Welsh, although a Celtic language, agrees with the Persian phonetically, as much or nearly so at least as does the classic Greek. How often is what is plausible proved to have been only so by wider research! The chief point of correspondence between the Persian and Greek, as also the Welsh, is the general substitution of h, for s in the Sanskrit, especially in initial syllables. The induction therefore of facts, in this direction, is not yet sufficiently wide and clear, to make a proper foundation for the statement, that there is any absolute connexion between them. On any supposition, the Hellenic development must have been, in all its higher aspects, a matter of home-growth.

We understand Mr. Dwight to reject, as any sensible scholar would reject, the notion of any direct Persian influence upon Greece, any connexion closer than that of common descent from the Aryan stem. And, after the words which we have quoted, he goes on vigorously to assert the essentially home growth of everything that is characteristic in the complete Hellenic development in language and everything else. All this is just as it should be; but there is something very odd in Mr. Dwight's faltering way of putting it forth, and the piece about the migrations we do not understand at all.

With regard to our own tongue and other kindred languages, Mr. Dwight is much less vigorous and trustworthy. He looks at English too much from the side of its Romance infusion, too little from that of its genuine Teutonic origin. He gets us once more into the interminable, and, for philological purposes, wholly useless, question as to the proportion of Teutonic and Romance words in the language. Now, if the Romance words really outnumber the Teutonic in turning the pages of a Dictionary or in counting the words of any writer on technical subjects, it really does not matter at all, so long as the grammar and the absolutely essential words are all Teutonic. It is easy, as it has often been remarked, to go on for many sentences without using one Romance word, while it is impossible to put together the shortest grammatical sentence out of Romance words only. This alone shows that the two elements do not meet on terms of real equality. Of the mass of Romance words used familiarly in modern English the great bulk are philologically of no value at all; philology has to deal only with the genuine Teutonic aborigines and with those early Romance settlers which have thoroughly assumed a native shape. This earlier class are indeed a most curious subject for study, having come into the language so early as to have been subjected to real philological processes, which of course has not been the case with the conscious importations of the last few ages. "Pay" and "pray," for instance, are adapted to the genuine English form seen in "day," "say," and "way." These are the property of philology; but with words like "pacify" and "deprecate," however needful they may be for literary purposes, philology has nothing to do. Mr. Dwight hardly brings out the difference between these two classes, and he sometimes even sets down as being Latin derivatives words of the purest Teutonic birth, whose only connexion with Latin is that of their common Aryan origin. The following passage, as coming from one who commonly writes like a scholar, is truly astonishing:—

It will amuse any true etymological scholar to hear an enthusiast for Anglo-Saxonism enumerate what he calls words strictly of that class, in which he will include by the score, because so short and pithy, multitudes of Latin-English words, like *much* (*multus*); *very* (*verus*); *sor* (*sors*);

rest (re-sto) ; ay! (aio) ; air (aer) ; day (dies) ; sex (secus) ; enter (intro) ; chief (caput) ; crutch (crux) ; pay (pacare) ; pray (precarii) ; brace (brachium) ; pair (par) ; stick (*στιχος*, in-stigo) ; axe (*ἀξίνη*) ; time (tempus) ; soap (sapo) ; strap (strappus) ; cost (costo) ; rule (regula) ; other (alter, French autre) ; old (altus) ; race (racemus) ; space (spatum) ; new (novus) ; part (pars) ; sweet (suavis) ; stand, stay, state, estate, stable, stall, stallion, constant, distant, instant, &c., all from sto, stare, to stand ; and so safe, save, salve, salver from salvus, and have, behave, habit, inhabit, able, &c. from habeo.

Mr. Ruskin, indeed, thought that the word "mob" was "vigorous Saxon," but we never heard of anybody else talking such nonsense. But fancy Mr. Dwight, after showing that he does understand what the Aryan theory means, reckoning the words which we have put in *italics* as Latin derivatives, merely because they happen to have Latin cognates! He reminds us of the German pedant who, wishing to get rid of all foreign elements from his native tongue, began by forbidding *Vater* and *Mutter*.

In another place Mr. Dwight says :—

Quite a large number of English words are simply Latin, Greek, German, French, and Spanish, or other like words, as such; or, with only such little change as shall just suffice to remove the gender-sign, or declension-form, that is added to the stem. Indeed there is quite a manifest tendency in the English to use, if not to demand, the simple unencumbered stems of words, beyond most of the languages lying historically between it and the Sanskrit.

He then gives a list of words like *climax*, *arbiter*, *rendez-vous*, "imported bodily" from other languages, and adds—

From the German, as our language is in its grammar wholly German and in its vocabulary largely so, instances might be furnished to almost any extent.

Because our language is "wholly German," in the sense of Teutonic, it has borrowed less from "German," in the sense of modern High German, than from any other language equally well known to us. Mr. Dwight seems to confound the two things. Again he tells us :—

From the German, the following are specimens of contracted derivatives :—

Eng. nail,	Gm. nagel,
" hail,	" hagel,
" hill,	" hügel,
" sail,	" segel,
" seal,	" siegel (L. sigillum),
" had,	" hatte, and gehabt.

Not one of these is "from the German," though all except *seal* are good Teutonic words with German cognates. Directly after, he has this strange bit :—

Our words, grandfather and grandmother (lit. great father, etc.) we have derived directly from the French (le grand père and la grand' mère).

In the dictionary at the end, we find :—

Burgus (M.L.), a castle or tower (Gr. *πύργος*), and also a thickly settled town, viewed as being, without walls, its own adequate defense. Hence come Eng. *borough*, -*burgh*, and -*bury*, *burgher* (M.L. *burgarius*, Gm. *burger*). The *Boulevards* (Sp. boulevard, It. *baluardo*) in Paris are probably a corruption for Bourgward, or land lying around a city wall. Grimm however considers them to be derived from Gm. *bolwerk*, Eng. *bulwark*. So, from L. *burgus* (Gr. *πύργος*) come Eng. *harbor* (Gm. *herberge*=heer + bergen, lit. a place for protecting a number), M.L. *albergium*, al- (being the Arabic article the) and *harbinger* (lit. one who provides harborage beforehand). Fr. *faubourg* or suburbs of a city represents perhaps L. *falsus* + *burgus*, i.e. the unreal city, or part of the city; or, that lying outside of the walls. It may be, however, a Fr. corruption of Gm. *vorburg*, cf. for sense Eng. suburbs.

If there ever was a genuine Teutonic word, surely *burg*, *burh*, in its different forms is one. *Πύργος* is a probable cognate, but *burgus* is simply a Latinization of *bury*. Mr. Dwight's derivation of *boulevard* is absurd; and *faubourg* has nothing to do with *falsus burgus* or with *vorborg*, but comes from *pfaulburg*, the space round the walls defended by a palisade, and commonly inhabited by citizens holding an inferior franchise. Mr. Dwight still more amusingly, and seemingly in perfect innocence, adds to his list the most obscene word in our language, utterly forgetting the long and strange national and theological history so oddly connected with it.

Again, with regard to the Romance tongues, though Mr. Dwight gives a proper division of them, distinguishing French and Provençal, he does not thoroughly realize the distinction in practice. Thus, speaking of the Spanish dialect he says :—

The Catalonian and Galician dialects, which are next in value, are intermixed largely with elements serving to alloy their purity; the former with those of the dialect of Provence in France, and the latter with the neighbouring Portuguese.

Presently after :—

The Provençal dialect spread, in France, over Gascony, Provence, Limousin, Auvergne, and Viennois, and in the regions of Northern Italy over Savoy and a small part of Switzerland, as Lausanne and the Southern part of Valais.

And afterwards, speaking of French, he says :—

There are in French some four hundred and fifty root-words, with many derivates and compound words, some now living in the language and some obsolete, of direct German origin. The southern part of France not being overrun by the Norman invasion, lost all that class of words introduced into the north, and was therefore less Germanized. It has spread out its bougs beyond its own limits, over Belgium and a considerable part of Switzerland; while, in connexion with the Norman Conquest, it has much modified the English, both by its great effect upon the Latin elements of our language itself, and also by the direct introduction into it of many of its own words.

How often are we to repeat that, for philological purposes, Provence and "Viennois" are no parts of France, and Savoy no part of Italy, while Switzerland is a word absolutely without meaning. The Provençal dialect was the speech of Aquitaine,

of Languedoc and Catalonia, and of the Kingdom of Burgundy; the three former countries doing homage to France, the latter not doing so. If in later times some parts of Burgundy have been conquered by France, while others have been admitted into the Swiss League, these political facts do not concern the philologist. Then, in the third passage quoted, the words as to the spread of French "beyond its own limits" may be taken in an innocent sense. French has spread itself as the literary tongue over Belgium, and over the Romance-speaking portion of Switzerland, in the latter displacing the native Provençal. But we cannot help feeling that Mr. Dwight is thinking of the fact that Walloon and Provençal exist in countries which still retain their independence, rather than of the fact of the French language extending itself in the way of which we speak. Oddly enough, in Mr. Dwight's ethnological map of Europe, Elsass is marked as Romance, and Vaud as Teutonic, the modern political boundaries having been followed.

It has a very odd sound when Mr. Dwight tells us that "the Celts are all now under the *British yoke*, except those living in Brittany, over whom France rules." The Americans, being themselves by descent English, but not geographically or politically British, very naturally use the word "British" when other people use "English," but the result here is the odd bull of making the Celts in Britain subject to a Welsh yoke.

One sentence of Mr. Dwight's—"the etymological way of writing history, that yet never actually transpired"—is an instance which we should not have expected to find in a book of this pretension, of the last and ugliest use of a very ugly and useless word. "Transpire" had got, no one can tell how, the sense of to "become known"—a sense in which it is generally used in police reports. But the other day we read in the *Times* about the events of the Danish war "transpiring," meaning simply "happening," and here we find the same in Mr. Dwight. Whether "transpirer" has yet appeared in Continental Teutonic, we know not.

We have mentioned these grave defects in Mr. Dwight's book because of the paramount necessity of the closest accuracy in all inquiries of this sort; but we should be acting unfairly if we did not distinctly record our sense of the generally praiseworthy nature of his attempt to introduce Comparative Philology to American readers. With all his constant oddities and his occasional mistakes, Mr. Dwight's volumes contain many acute remarks, and many signs of much research. It is a great pity that the weakest part of the work intended to do the greatest service to our American brethren should be that which deals with the language common to both of us.

#### BYZANTINE ARCHITECTURE.\*

M. TEXIER, the well-known Eastern traveller, contributes the greater part of the illustrations to this most sumptuous book, and Mr. R. P. Pullan, who has made his reputation as architect to the Budrum expedition, and as agent in Asia Minor for the Society of Dilettanti, has furnished the letterpress. The former is the more valuable part of the joint work. The English editor has brought to his task competent scientific knowledge, but scarcely sufficient historical learning or literary skill. The arrangement of the volume is most confused and unintelligible, and any one would be disappointed who should expect to find here a satisfactory treatise on Byzantine Church Architecture. It would have been far better had Mr. Pullan been content with a simple description of M. Texier's excellent drawings.

It has long been known that M. Texier was in possession of architectural drawings of great value, the fruit of his long Eastern travels. Archaeologists and others from many countries have gone to Paris for the mere sake of examining his portfolios. Mr. Ferguson, in particular, in his *History of Architecture*, refers to the drawings of the churches of Salomiki now first published. It is a great satisfaction to find that some of the best of these artistic treasures are now laid open to the world by Mr. Pullan's enterprise. These drawings—reproduced in lithography, and very often coloured in close imitation of the originals, by Messrs. Day and Sons' most skilful processes—throw a flood of new light upon the sacred architecture of the Eastern Church. Without attempting to follow Mr. Pullan's devious steps through his involved history of the Byzantine style, we shall content ourselves with noticing the chief new points that are raised by M. Texier's drawings.

In the first place, we do not think that much dependence is to be placed on the obscure symbols by which Mr. Pullan would identify as Christian retreats or hiding-places certain excavated abodes in the rocky defiles of Mount Argaeus in Cappadocia. Nor would these speluncar chambers gain much in artistic value, whatever might be said of their historical and religious interest, were the point granted. On the other hand, the authors convince us that it was more common than it is usually supposed to have been for Christian churches to be built within or upon disused Pagan temples, and even for temples to be actually converted into churches. This last process was difficult enough; for the *cells* of an ancient temple was a very narrow, small, and dark apartment, altogether unsuited for the accommodation of a Christian congregation assembled for common worship. Two opposite plans were followed.

\* *Byzantine Architecture; illustrated by Examples of Edifices erected in the East during the Earliest Ages of Christianity, with Historical and Archaeological Descriptions.* By Charles Texier, Member of the Institute of France, and R. Popplewell Pullan, Esq., F.R.I.B.A. Folio. London: Day & Sons. 1864.

[February 11, 1865.]

There are examples of the outer columns being removed, and the cella itself being lengthened, provided with windows, and finished with an eastern apse, or bema, for the altar; and also of the cella being demolished altogether, while the peristyle was surmounted by a clerestoried wall, an aisle added on each side and an apse at the east end, so that the whole became something very like a basilica. Such was the treatment of the fine temple of Aphrodite, at Aphrodisias, in Asia Minor. Mr. Pullan mentions it as a curious circumstance that no example of a heathen temple so converted is to be found on or near the track of St. Paul's travels in Asia Minor. In other parts of the country examples abound. The explanation of this may perhaps be that in the places where Christianity was first planted, new sites for churches were of necessity required; but afterwards, when Paganism had received its death-blow, it was generally more convenient to convert the temple of the old faith into the church of the new one. This, no doubt, was common in Western Europe. Thus St. Paul's Cathedral itself is said to stand on the site of a temple of Diana. This convenience was the reason also why the Turks, when overrunning Asia Minor and Turkey in Europe, invariably turned the churches into mosques. Such churches, at Antioch and elsewhere, as escaped this desecration were only spared because the comparatively small numbers of the conquering people did not require them. The Christian antiquities of Asia Minor have never yet been thoroughly explored. It is known that many Christian churches remain, which have escaped all injuries save those of time. Mr. Pullan tells us, for example, of the town of Perga, in Pamphylia, which retains even its ancient walls and towers in an almost perfect state. Fortunately the Turks are not often destructive out of wanton malice. To that forbearance we owe the most remarkable preservation of the Christian churches at Thessalonica, the description of which forms by far the most original and valuable part of the volume before us. It is almost a new discovery to archaeologists that that famous Christian city now known as Saloniki, and scarcely ever visited by travellers, retains in an almost uninjured condition the churches and basilicas which were its pride under Constantine and Justinian, when it bore the proud title of "the Glory of Orthodoxy," and the Christian Athens.

As is usual with modern travellers, a mistake perpetrated by one is copied servilely by his followers. When once the opinion had been broached that some of the existing mosques of Saloniki were Roman temples, succeeding writers reiterated it as the result of their own observations. M. Texier and Mr. Pullan, however, have boldly trusted to their own architectural knowledge, and pronounce that these venerable buildings are of Christian origin. There is no sort of doubt that they are right. In the beautiful drawings of these churches, now published for the first time, we have a perfect mine of knowledge as to the development and peculiarities of the Byzantine style. A whole lost chapter of architectural history is to be read in these beautiful monuments. The first of these churches, so admirably illustrated by M. Texier's pencil, is that of St. Demetrius, the patron saint of the city. It is a basilica of the first class, having a nave 37 feet broad and 145 feet long, with double aisles on each side, separated by arcades of fifteen arches, a narthex and an atrium, and numerous subsidiary chapels. This church has a still more unusual architectural feature in the shape of two quadrangular atria, one on each side of its altar, each surrounded by columns, and of equal height with the adjacent nave—recalling the effect of eastern transepts, such as are found in some Western churches. Upon the whole, the most remarkable thing in this building, as we study it in M. Texier's sections, is its resemblance to some of the best of Sir Christopher Wren's town churches. The triforium is used throughout as a gynaeconitis, or women's gallery, running round three sides of the church. Great dignity is given to this feature, its columns being uniform with those of the principal arcades. The church has also a distinct clerestory above the triforium arches, and this clerestory is co-luminated like the two ranges below. The date of this building may be taken to be the beginning of the sixth century. The church might be transplanted to London, or copied exactly, and would be exactly suitable for our ritual. One alteration alone would be necessary, and that is some better method of access to the galleries. Two narrow staircases, one on each side of the narthex, seem to be the only approaches to the gynaeconitis in the original structure. The architectural details of this fine church are exceedingly good. The capitals are richly carved, and—after the Byzantine fashion—have a second capital, called a dosseret, above the regular one. These are inscribed with crosses and sacred symbols, all of which have been respected by the Mussulmans. The material is brick, faced with slabs of marble, and the columns throughout are of jasper and porphyry. There is no doubt that this building, occupying a middle place between the latest Roman style of Diocletian and the developed Byzantine of Justinian, is of great importance in the history of the art. Of still greater interest is the round church of St. George, which has hitherto been supposed to be an ancient temple of the Cabeiri. There is no doubt that this is a Christian building; its very bricks are most of them stamped with Christian symbols. The most probable estimate of its date is that it was built by Constantine himself during his first residence in Thessalonica. The circular nave has an internal diameter of 80 feet; the external walls being no less than 18 feet thick. There are eight small chapels or recesses in the thickness of the walls, the easternmost one being prolonged into a chancel. The roof is domical, and is covered with magnificent mosaics, in extra-

ordinary preservation, not even whitewashed over by the Turks. Four of the eight compartments are reproduced in this volume in gorgeous chromo-lithography. The subjects are uniform, representing rich and glorious shrines, with curtains, and jewels, and birds; while at equal intervals stand solemn figures of saints in attitudes of prayer, each having his name and title, and all of them (significantly enough) being martyrs before the time of Constantine. It is enough to say that, among the other ecclesiastical antiquities of Thessalonica, are the Church of St. Sophia, very like its more famous namesake at Constantinople, and built (as is thought) by the same architect, Anthemius; a basilica, seemingly of the time of Theodosius, only known now by its Turkish name of Eski Djouma, "the Ancient Mosque"; a seventh-century church, square in plan, dedicated in honour of the Holy Apostles; the church of St. Bardias, which bears the date of A.D. 937; and that of St. Elias, dated twenty-five years later. It will be admitted that few cities in the world surpass Saloniki in the variety and interest of its Christian monuments.

Other churches illustrated by M. Texier are St. Elias at Broussa (saved by being made the tomb of the first Ottoman sultan), and St. Nicholas at Myra, lately purchased, and about to be restored, by the Russians. He also gives drawings of a little church at Iana, on the Euphrates, dated A.D. 540. Finally, we are presented with specimens of a later stage of Byzantine architecture in the churches of Trebizond, chiefly built in the fourteenth century by Alexis III. Here, too, the Turks have spared even the frescoes in which the Emperor himself, his wife Theodora, and his mother Irene, stand round the apse in regal robes, in a far more objectionable manner than Justinian and Theodora in the mosaics of San Vitale at Ravenna. Architecturally those Trebizond churches are very interesting as being a connecting link between the ancient and modern Byzantine style. This volume is of rare interest and importance. We cannot congratulate Mr. Pullan on having given the world a satisfactory history of Byzantine architecture, but we are sure that no such history can be written without being deeply indebted to this splendid book.

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